



THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1513—Vol. CXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



WITH A LACE TRAIN ONCE THE PROPERTY OF QUEEN ADELAIDE : MISS PHYLLIS BOYD IN HER WEDDING GOWN.

The marriage of Miss Phyllis Boyd, daughter of Captain and Lady Lilian Boyd, to Vicomte Henri de Janzé was celebrated at St. James's, Spanish Place, last week. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white lace with a pearl girdle and embroideries.

Her veil of lace, which also formed the train, was lent by her uncle, the Earl of Munster, and was once the property of Queen Adelaide, the wife of William IV.; and Miss Diana Quilter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter, acted as train-bearer.

Photograph by Swaine.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Convalescent Stage.

Don't let anyone deceive you about this 'flu business. There are rumours that you can cure it in two days by going straight to bed and staying there. Rubbish! You ought to be able to avoid complications by going straight to bed and staying there; but the disease will have its way with you just the same. Anyway, I went straight to bed and stayed there. I am still there, and this is my eleventh day of it.

Of course, mind you, I am convalescent. I have no temperature. I am out of the hands of the doctor. I can eat and drink anything I fancy. This is a fairly safe, general instruction, because it is when you are convalescent that you do not fancy anything at all. When I was really ill, when I had a temperature, I was gay as a lark. I cracked jokes about the medicine, swallowed quarts of soup, and enjoyed the newspaper. With the departure of the disease, all that gaiety fled. I found myself depressed, listless, dispirited. I hated the sight of the newspaper. As for the charming little town of Hay, my one wish was that everybody would poison everybody else as quickly as possible.

That is what they call being convalescent. I have read novels in which convalescents were most charming people—a trifle languid, a trifle pale, but oh! so sweet in their manners. . . . Those novelists should call on me for half an hour. I'd show 'em!

How to Lose Money.

When I do take up a newspaper I find that swift and curious changes have occurred in those columns which advertise the names of plays. The most enormous successes have vanished with uncanny celerity, and other enormous successes have taken their places.

After watching the theatrical game for a good many years, and taking some small part in it, I am still wondering why managers lose money. I know *how* they lose it, of course, but the reason *why* they lose it still eludes me. Because there is no need to lose it. The public are waiting in tens of thousands for the right show.

As to how they lose it, here are some safe ways:

(1.) By refusing good plays and accepting bad ones. This is the most popular form of losing money known to managers. When a good play does get through, and gets properly produced at the right theatre, at the right time, with the right people in it, and is making a great deal of money, out comes the inevitable truth: it had been refused on all sides. Why? Because of the popularity of the money-losing game.

(2.) By chartering the wrong theatre.

(3.) By engaging the wrong cast.

(4.) By hacking the play about until it

looks as much as possible like a relic of the Victorian era.

How to Make Money

It is easy, you say, to criticise. Yes, but it is just as easy to "do"—if you know how to do it. May one venture on a very brief personality? With the exception of conducting the orchestra, I fancy there is no department of the theatre in which I have not experimented. And I never found it necessary to lose money for anybody who could refrain from interfering. On the contrary.

I will tell you, friend the reader, how to make money in the theatre. The first thing

box-office sheets they watched the stage. Nothing can be more fatal than to watch the box-office during the first few days of your run. It is the play you should watch; but it is no use watching the play unless you understand the author's meaning, and it is useless to criticise the players unless you can step on to the stage and show them—*show* them, not tell them—exactly what you want.

That is the way to make money in the theatre.

With Humble Apologies.

Of course, I have no business to be talking about the theatre at all, my province in this place being Life and all that is therein. But an invalid is allowed a certain license, and that must be my excuse.

Because there is just one more thing I should like to say before leaving this all-too-fascinating subject. I was talking the other day with a very distinguished actress who told me that girls often consulted her as to whether they should or should not take to the stage as a profession. "And I tell them," she said, "to have nothing to do with it unless they are prepared to *give up everything*."

I wish this advice would be taken to heart by managers as well as young would-be actresses. What is a manager prepared to give up for the theatre? Unless he is prepared to live and die a comparatively poor man, to live in the theatre, to eat, sleep, and drink Drama, to be unseen, almost unknown, unacknowledged, he is the wrong man for the job.

You cannot have it both ways. You cannot serve the theatre and the world. And you cannot be greater than the work of Art which you are producing. You must not shove your Ego into a work of Art. If you do, down goes the play, and down, sooner or later, you go with it.

The Ideal Theatre comes by Genius out of Humility. All others are bastards.

"Comforts at Sea."

In the meantime, life at sea becomes more and more complicated. The old idea of a plank, a rudder, and a bit of a sail seems to have been overlooked. It is now the custom, I gather, for the captain to spend an hour each day with the children. This is a pretty notion, and will, I am sure, be much appreciated by all nice little captains.

On the really up-to-date liners, moreover, you can wireless for a taxi, which must afford great satisfaction to many passengers. It is not stated whether the taxi arrives, or what you do with it when it does arrive; the point is that you can order it just as though you were on shore. In fact, life on a modern liner is just like life ashore. Happy thought—why not stay ashore, and engage an out-of-work captain to put on his uniform and play with the children?



A NEW YEAR'S PEER'S DAUGHTER MARRIED: MR. R. N. MACDONALD, M.C.; AND HIS BRIDE, MISS CATHERINE BUCHANAN.

The marriage of Miss Catherine Buchanan, only child of Sir James Buchanan, of Torridon (who is one of the new Peers whose names appeared in the New Year's List), to Mr. R. N. Macdonald, M.C., Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald, of Buenos Aires, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, last week. The bride, who was given away by her father (who is shown behind her in our photograph), wore a blue corduroy coat trimmed with chinchilla over a blue dress.—[Photograph by I.B.]

is to understand it. I don't mean to *think* you understand it, but really to understand it. One swallow does not make a summer, and one fluke does not prove a *flair* for the theatre. If you look back, you will find that the men who ran theatres because the love of the theatre was in their blood, and bones, and marrow, did not have ten failures to one success. They had their failures, of course, but in the main they were right. They knew. It was instinct. Instead of watching the

THE RESULT OF OUR £100 COMPETITION.

We have pleasure in announcing that the £100 prize offered by "The Sketch" has been won by Mr. Richard G. Berry, "Delamere," East Bank Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs. A cheque has been forwarded to him. We shall publish next week a few Editorial remarks as to the competition.

G. for Gertie, M. for Monckton and /or/ Millar.



WITH INITIALLED BLOUSE: MISS GERTIE MILLAR—HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

Miss Gertie Millar, the popular stage favourite, favours the new vogue for the wearing of initialled blouses, for it may be noticed that she is wearing a large plaque bearing the letters "G. M."—her own

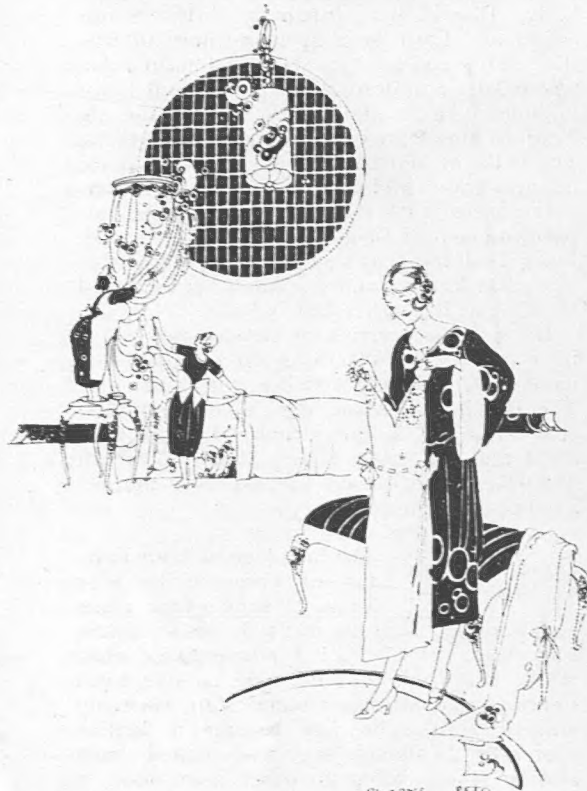
initials, for in private life she is Mrs. Lionel Monckton. It is some time since Miss Millar was seen on the London stage, and her latest photographs will make "Sketch" readers wish she were back again.

Photographs by Rita Martin.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

The Season of Hunt Balls.

There have been so many balls this week that I hardly know where to begin. Lord and Lady Heytesbury lent Heytesbury House for the Wylve Valley Hunt Ball, and the guests—nearly three hundred of them—



1. Angela simply never falls ill, so she is looking forward so much to catching influenza and appearing as the Interesting Invalid. She has bought some lovely new nighties, and her bed is being re-hung.

were enthusiastic in their appreciation of the fun of the evening. Lord Heytesbury is Colonel of the Wiltshire Regiment, and succeeded his brother, the third Baron, in 1903. He married the daughter of the late Captain F. B. Morris. Their only son and heir, William, is still a schoolboy, and his two sisters, the Misses Holmes A' Court, are very popular with a large circle of friends.

Then there was the Sinnington Hunt Ball at Kirbymoorside, and the East Sussex Hunt Ball at beautiful Battle Abbey, which was lent by Sir Augustus Webster, the popular ex-Grenadier Guardsman. Sir Augustus is a widower, Lady Webster having died during the war, and his two daughters are his devoted companions. There is no heir, so presumably his eldest daughter will inherit Battle Abbey, and his place at Stockbridge, Hildon, will probably go to his second daughter.

To return to the ball at Battle Abbey. Most of Sussex was there. Sir Anchitel and Lady Ashburnham-Clement brought a party. So did Lady Brassey. The Master of the East Sussex Hunt, Mr. Sidney Egerton, was in great form, and the House of Commons was represented by Colonel Courthope and Mr. Rupert Gwynne, who were accompanied respectively by Mrs. Courthope and Mrs. Gwynne. Sir Edward and Lady Boyle were there, and Major Combe, and of course Major Sayer, who was responsible, I hear, for the ball being the great success it was, as he was the honorary secretary. Amongst well-known people at the ball at Kirbymoorside—the Sinnington Hunt Ball—were Lord Feversham and Lady Marjorie Beckett, Lady Sykes, Sir Richard Sykes, Colonel and Mrs. Duncombe,

Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Sir Kenelm Cayley, and Major Houston. And the Melton Ball on Thursday (19th) took us straight back to the dear old days before the war. Positively every man was in pink, and jolly old Leicestershire turned out *en masse* from every castle, house, and hamlet.

Cannes.

Cannes remains, in spite of the expense, the Mecca of the English-speaking sunshine-seekers from every corner of the world. Dining at the Casino in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs last week, Lord and Lady Wavertree were entertaining a large party that included Lord French, and Mrs. Percy Bennett, and Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, the New Zealand lawn-tennis player (who was, incidentally, Minister of Trade and Customs, Marine and Pensions). At another table were Lord and Lady Edward Grosvenor with Mr. Evan Charteris and Sir Philip Sassoon. Lord Edward Grosvenor is, of course, a son of the first Duke of Westminster, and an uncle of the present Duke. Lady Edward Grosvenor (a daughter of Lord Kenmare) is an enthusiastic lawn-tennis player, and will probably play in most of the tournaments this season.

Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston were at a neighbouring table; and Mr. "Fox" MacDonald was with a party of French people on the so-called "gala" night at the Casino, though it is too early in the season to describe it as such yet.

The World of Villas.

Amongst the world of villas Lady Essex is entertaining a good deal at Beaulieu. So is Mrs. Warde (*née* Muriel Wilson) at wonderful Maryland. Mr. Winston Churchill cheered everyone up by giving several little parties while he was at Nice. Mme. Balsan (Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough) is deeply occupied with the villa she and her husband are building at Eze, that most gloriously picturesque point on the whole French Riviera. It is perched high on the rocks between Cap d'Ail and Beaulieu, overlooking the Mediterranean, and commanding unbroken views of the beautiful coast from the Esterelles to Ventimiglia. When finished it will be quite the finest home on the Riviera.

An Ambassadorial Dinner.

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey gave a dinner party at the Carlton Hotel, Cannes, including Mr. W. J. Locke, the eminent novelist. His (Mr. Locke's) eulogy of Cannes is, perhaps, the best I have ever heard. He left England two years ago to travel round the world, but he fell so passionately in love with Cannes that there he has remained ever since, and seems likely to remain for many years to come. The Harveys also had Mr. and Mrs. Clewes at their party. Mrs. Clewes was Mrs. Goelet before she divorced her first husband—a brother of the Duchess of Roxburghe. She is very pretty, and she and her present husband have bought that delightful place at Napoule that Princess Pless wanted to buy (but the French objected to her German husband, whether the Peace was signed or not!)

Still Cannes.

Of course the daily papers have raved (in Paris and in London) but I can't see why the weary members of the Conference shouldn't have a couple of hours on the golf-links between meetings. The unfortunate luncheon at the



golf club—the meal that above all roused the enmity of the little tired people in Paris (and London!) seems to have been a particularly joyous one, with everyone in high spirits; and to make it still more absurd, while the Paris papers were satirical over poor M. Briand playing the royal game, certain London ones merely seized upon the incontrovertible fact that Lord Curzon did not play! The match will be as famous in history as Drake's game of bowls; but it seems pathetic that M. Briand, who detested the game anyhow, should lose his Premiership practically because of it!

Lord and Lady Aberconway are at their gloriously beautiful place called Château de la Garoupe at Antibes. It is filled with exquisite old Italian furniture and pictures, and beautifully decorated in the best possible taste. And the garden—but every Riviera garden seems more divine than the last.

Colonel and Mrs. Ronald Brooke are at Brooke House, Valescure, and have Lord and Lady Greville staying with them. Lady Sondes and Miss Meakin are at their Cannes villa, and Lord Rocksavage at his; but Lady Rocksavage has had an attack of influenza in England which prevented her keeping to her original plans.

As far as the hotels are concerned, I hear that the Riviera is having a very bad time indeed. Many of them are nearly empty. This is due, I am told, to the over-charging of which some were guilty last season. There is one obscure hotel that says it will take you

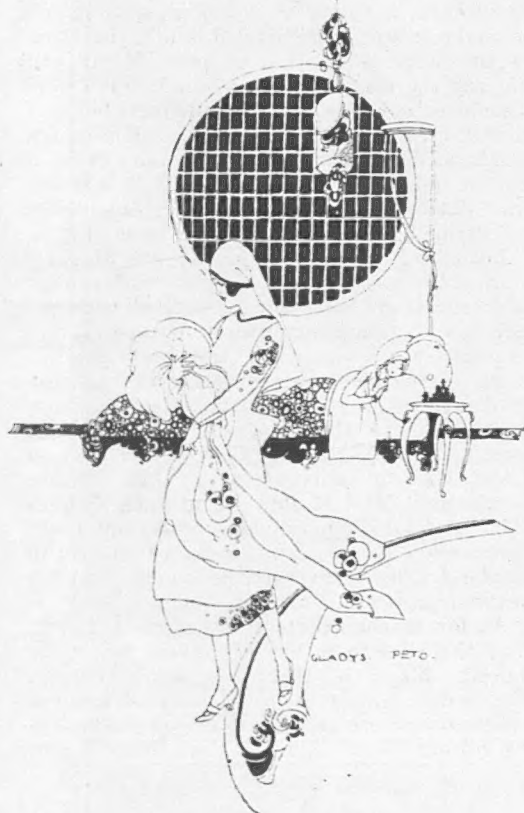


2. All her friends will rally round offering flowers and sympathy while she smiles with languid patience. . . .

in for the comparatively modest sum of 50 francs a day, owing to the need to attract guests. Everyone says—but I'd better not risk it. The Anglo-French situation needs soothing, not provoking!

Cannes Literary and Musical Society.

At the second meeting of the Cannes Literary and Musical Society at the Bristol Hotel several well-known people were present: Lady Constance Emmott and Miss Emmott, Lord and Lady Wester Wemyss, Sir Francis and Lady Eliott, the Rev. J. Crawford. *Where was Mr. Locke?* Too busy writing books merely to talk about them, I suppose; which reminds me that another great writer, Mr. George Moore, will attend no literary parties, if he can avoid them. He says writers are meant to *write*, not to talk to each other. You'll get their best by reading their books. Their talk is



3. But when she *does* fall a victim the nurse is most fierce. She says bed-hangings are un-hygienic, and takes them all away—and puts Angela into a sensible garment that buttons at the neck.

usually not worth hearing. But I don't agree with Mr. Moore. If I did I should not have troubled to listen to all he had to say.

There was a children's fête at the Bristol Hotel (still Cannes) the other day that attracted Lady Kavanagh and her young daughters, Lady Johnstone (the charming wife of Sir Alan Johnstone, our ex-Minister at The Hague) and Mrs. and Miss Booth. And the ballets and concerts in the Hall of the Casino are very amusing: "Un Fils d'Amérique," "Mireille," "Lakmé," and "Les Mousquetaires au Convent" last week.

"The Glorious Adventure." At last "The Glorious Adventure" has been released, the colour film in which Lady Diana Cooper and Miss Lois Sturt take respectively the rôles of Lady Beatrice Fair and Nell Gwynn. It had a very good reception at Covent Garden on the first night, as it was bound to have. No one is so popular with the London public as Lady Diana. Miss Sturt is a born actress. Her small features and lively expression are ideal from the camera's point of view. She is, of course, Lord Alington's sister.

On the first night amongst others I noticed Sir John and Lady Lavery, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, Lord Ashfield, Lord Granby (who is, of course, Lady Diana Cooper's only brother), Miss Megan Lloyd George, who was assuring Lord Birkenhead's daughter (Miss Eleanor Smith) that she might not find going "on the screen" as easy as it all appears; Lady Joan Capel, who is

shortly going to join her mother, Lady Essex, on the Riviera; Lord Wimborne (who came up from Rugby, as hunting was stopped by the hard frost); Mr. Shortt (the Home Secretary), Mr. Lionel Tennyson, who is just back from a jolly visit to St. Moritz; Lady Hawtrey, Lord Maidstone, the Dowager Lady Michelham, Colonel "Freddie" Cripps, and Lord Ashfield.

Another London festivity I must mention was the Russian Relief Fund Concert for the Russian invalids and disabled in England. It was at Chesham House, once the Embassy. Such a good programme, including Bratsa, Adela Verne, John Coats, and Talia Mey; and a very distinguished audience, in spite of the nasty snowy night. The Grand Duchess George was there, and her unmarried daughter, Princess Nina, who is perfectly lovely.

At Belvoir Castle.

Lady Diana Cooper was much looking forward to her rest at Belvoir last week, where the Duke and Duchess of Rutland were entertaining a young party for Prince Henry for the Melton Ball, which was such a jolly festivity. Lady Violet Benson was there, and her husband, Guy Benson, Miss Elizabeth Manners (a daughter of the late Lord Robert Manners, who was killed towards the end of the war), Lord Morven Bentinck, Lord and Lady Worsley (Lord W. is Lord Yarborough's eldest son, and was in the 11th Hussars, and Lady Worsley was Miss Nancie Brocklehurst), Miss Yate (a daughter of Sir Charles Yate, M.P.), Mr. Peregrine Cust, Miss Eley of Escrick, and Mr. Victor Cazalet, who is still an undergraduate at Oxford.

And I don't quite see how Lady Diana managed to do much "resting"—except that the atmosphere of one's own old home is, in itself, the most perfectly restful thing on earth. But I do see that Prince Henry was bound to enjoy himself. Belvoir is one of the most hospitable houses in the Midlands; and as everyone does exactly as he or she pleases, the Duke and Duchess have won the reputation of being ideal host and hostess.

The Janzé-Boyd Wedding.

I told you Miss Phyllis Boyd would make a lovely bride. And she did. Her beautiful old lace gown was unrelieved save by a deep girdle of pearls, fringed at the edges, which hung well below the edge of the skirt, which fell to her ankles. And there were similar small pearls at the neck of the gown. She also wore a very beautiful pearl head-dress over her Brussels lace veil. The little train-bearer, Diana, the daughter of Mrs. Percy Quilter, wore a long picture frock edged with silver lace, a tight-fitting bodice of petunia-coloured brocade, and a fascinating little silver lace Juliet cap. She was, indeed, most necessary, as the lace train was quite the longest I have ever seen.

I can't begin to mention the names of the well-known people that filled St. James's Church, Spanish Place. Of course, Captain Boyd gave his daughter away. Lady Lilian Boyd looked her best in a fur-trimmed brian coat and hat, and arrived with her son, who is still a school-boy. Vicomtesse de Janzé, the bridegroom's mother, wore a long coat with a fur collar, on which a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley looked very appropriate to the occasion. Her black velvet hat, with long paradise plumes, was most becoming.

Lady Diana Cooper, who came with Miss Lois Sturt and Mrs. Cory-Wright (Lady Tree's youngest daughter) wore a kolinsky coat and a black velvet hat, trimmed with cock's-feathers. Lady Juliet Trevor, all in brown except for her large black velvet picture hat with its uncurled ostrich-feathers, arrived just after the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val. Mrs. Asquith, in moleskin and silver and gold tissue, had her son, "Puffin," with

her. Lady Joan Capel wore a black coat and green hat. Others I saw were Lord Munster, the Dowager Lady Leconfield, Mr. Ivo Grenfell, Mr. Birrell, Mrs. Charles Drummond, Mrs. William Raphael, the Claude Yorkes, the French Ambassador and the Comtesse de Sainte-Aulaire, Lord Granby, Lady Rothmere, Baroness de Forest and Colonel Frank Gore.

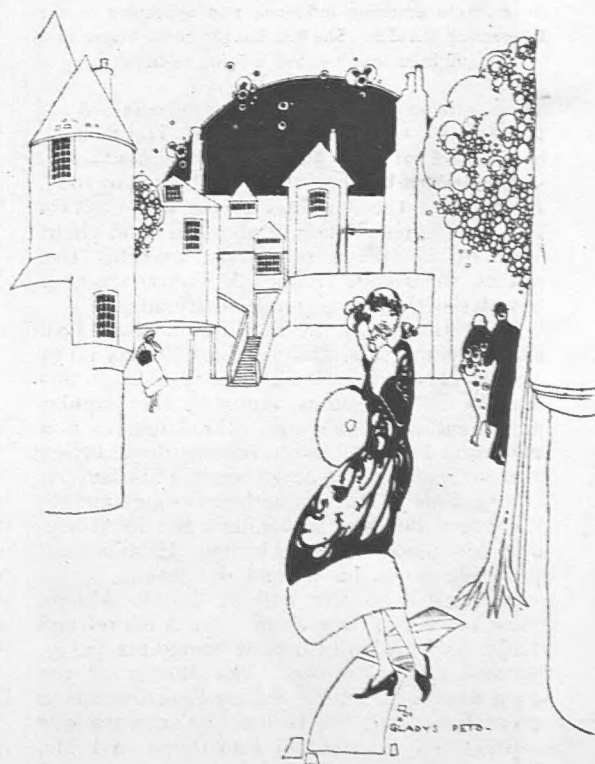
A Christening Party.

While Miss Boyd was being married at St. James's, another important ceremony was taking place at St. Margaret's, Westminster—the christening of Lord and Lady Blandford's daughter, little Sarah Consuelo. Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill was the only god-father. Mme. Balsan (for whom Miss Sandford stood proxy) and Lady Hillingdon (for whom Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford stood proxy) were the god-mothers. The Duke of Marlborough was present to see his first grandchild christened, and is, I hear, very pleased with the prospect of a most important event at Blenheim in the near future. Lady Blandford was most disappointed because her doctor would not allow her to attend the christening of her first baby.

Indeed, most parties are clouded these days by last-moment telegrams from people who have been suddenly stricken with influenza. The Brazilian Ambassador is now convalescent after his severe attack. Lord Townshend and his little sister, Lady Elizabeth Townshend, both have it, and their mother has been most anxious.

Lord Fairfax's Wedding.

The marriage of Lord Fairfax of Cameron to Miss Maud McKelvie took place on Thursday, the 19th, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. But, alas! I was engaged elsewhere and could not go. He is, like Lord Fermoy, that strange anomaly, an American citizen (born) who has become a British peer—or I should say, was called from Boston, there being no other heirs male in the direct line to succeed the 11th Baron in a title held in this country since 1627.



4. It doesn't really matter, however. Her friends are too afraid of infection to come near. Sniffing eucalyptus, they pass upon the other side of the street.

He is a charming, cheery American still, for all that, in voice and manner, and ought to make his bride the most ideal type of husband in the world. And everybody knows *all* American husbands are the most appreciative in this world.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

Worth Up to £1000 Apiece: The Lion-Dogs at Olympia.



WITH TONY AND CHEN OF CINTRA:
MRS. E. STALLARD.



AT WORK ON A PUPPY'S TOILETTE:
MISS ASHTON CROSS.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING CHUBBIE:
MRS. E. ELDRIDGE.



A CHAMPION: CHUTY TOO
OF ALDERBOURNE.



WITH JAK-KO OF BURDEROP:
MRS. CALLEY.



ON THE JUDGING BENCH:
MRS. BRIGHTON, WITH BOIDIBOI.



BEFORE THE ORDEAL: MRS. HARRISON,
WITH MI NU JOI.

The Championship Show of the Pekin Palace Dog Association was held last week in the Concert Hall at Olympia, and there was an entry of 300 canine aristocrats, some of whom are worth £750, or even £1000 apiece! There has recently been some anxiety lest the "lion" charac-

teristics of the Pekingese should be lost, for the classic Chinese ideal is for a Pekingese to be a miniature of the King of Beasts. Our page shows champion prize-winners, competitors, and dogs shown, but not competing, and some of their owners.—[Photographs by S. and G. and I.B.]

Belvoir, St. Moritz, and a Marriage.



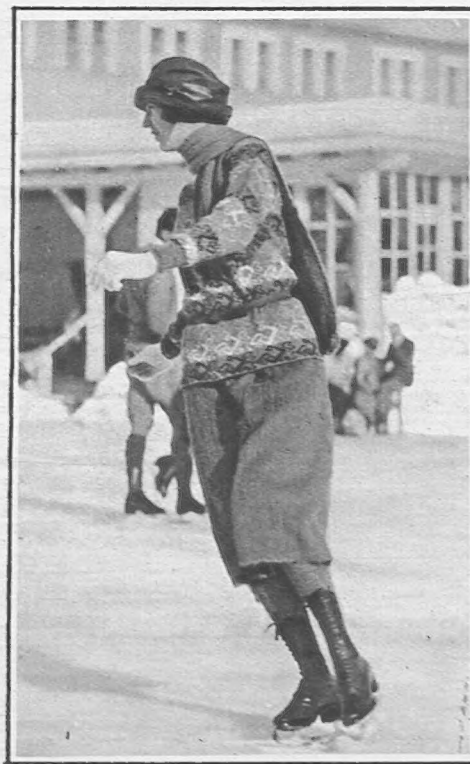
THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION AT BELVOIR CASTLE: THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S GUESTS ADMIRE THE DOG.



STARTING OUT WITH HER SKATES: LADY RIBBLESDALE AT ST. MORITZ.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: LADY MURIEL BERTIE AND CAPTAIN H. H. LIDDELL-GRAINGER.



SKATING ON THE PALACE RINK: MISS ASTOR, LADY RIBBLESDALE'S DAUGHTER.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland's house-party at Belvoir Castle for the Melton Ball included Prince Henry. The names in our photograph, reading from left to right, are: the Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Victor Cazalet, Lady Diana Cooper, the Duke of Rutland, Commander Grieg, Lord Morven Bentinck, Miss Betty Manners, Miss Rosemary Eley,

Miss Yate, Lady Robert Manners, Lady Violet Benson, and H.R.H. Prince Henry.—Lady Ribblesdale, who has been suffering from influenza, has been recuperating at St. Moritz.—The marriage of Lady Muriel Bertie, only child of the Earl of Lindsey, to Captain H. H. Liddell-Grainger, of Ayton Castle, Berwickshire, was celebrated on Jan. 20.

Photographs by L.N.A. and T.P.A.

Snow-Boots and Satins: Fancy-Dress Nights at Mürren.



ABOUT TO LEAVE THEIR HOTEL IN A SLEIGH:
A BALL-DANCING PARTY.



SNOW-BOOTED FOR THE WALK ACROSS THE SNOW: MR.
ALLINSON AS "1830," AND HIS WIFE IN HER PRIZE DRESS.



A COURTIER AND A POUDRÉ LADY ON SKIS:
MR. ALICK RAMSAY AND MISS EELES.

Ski-ing, luge-ing and skating by no means make up the total sum of Society's activities in Switzerland, and when darkness falls it's time to think of dressing for the numerous dances which take place at the various hotels. It is a usual sight to see visitors flocking across the snow from where they are staying, dressed in wonderful fancy costumes, and



BRONCHO BILL GOES TO THE BALL ON HIS LUGE:
MR. G. E. WILKINSON.

equipped with snow-boots and thick woolly socks for their tramp to the ball. Sometimes they go on skis, and at least one fancy-dressed reveller gets out his luge for a run before the dance. Mr. Allinson is an artist, and his wife is shown in the Old English costume for which she was recently awarded a prize.

Habit !



THE REPORTER : There's a rumour that his Lordship has passed away. Is it correct ?
JACKSON : Quite ; but I regret his Lordship has nothing to say for publication.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" (ALHAMBRA).
M. Diaghileff's company of Russian dancers at its strongest, in a charming version of the old fairy-story with Tchaikovsky's music, which has taken since 1890 to get to London.
2. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).
Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.
3. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).
A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.
4. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).
Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.
5. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).
Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.
6. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).
Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.
7. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).
Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

(Continued opposite.)



MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AND MR. J. FISHER WHITE IN "THE RATTLESNAKE."

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

(Continued.)

8. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment.

9. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

10. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" (DALY'S).

A welcome revival, with Miss José Collins at the head of the cast.

11. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE)

A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!

12. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

With George Robey and Clarice Mayne.

CINEMAS.

"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" (COVENT GARDEN).

Natural-Colour; Lady Diana Manners, Victor MacLagan; and the Fire of London.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" (ALBERT HALL). Causing much controversy.



MISS JESSIE WINTER;
THE ONLY ACTRESS IN
"OLD JIG."



MISS WILETT KERSHAW;
TO LEAD IN "THE BIRD
OF PARADISE."



MISS IVY TRESMAND AND MR. HUNTLY WRIGHT IN "THE LADY OF THE ROSE"; DUE AT DALY'S SHORTLY.



MR. HARRY WELCHMAN AND MISS PHYLLIS DARE IN "THE LADY OF THE ROSE"; NOW AT MANCHESTER.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well

worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth"; "Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "The Rattlesnake"; and "Cairo." It must be added that none of these "mentions" is paid for. "The Bird of Paradise" is to be revived shortly.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., and C.N.

Why Go to Switzerland? Ski-ing in England.



AT KNEBWORTH: LORD LYTTON, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BENGAL, WITH LADY HERMIONE LYTTON, THE HON. JOHN LYTTON, AND SIR IAN COLQUHOUN.



CHILDREN OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LYTTON: LADY "DAVINIA" LYTTON, LADY HERMIONE LYTTON, AND LORD KNEBWORTH, AT KNEBWORTH.

Everyone did not care about last week's blizzard, but the family at Knebworth revelled in it! They got out their skis and had a good imitation Swiss day's winter-sporting. Lord Lytton, P.C., the second Earl, has been Under-Secretary for India since 1920, and is to be the new Governor of Bengal, in succession to Lord Ronaldshay, who vacates

the office in March. It will be remembered that the late Lord Lytton was Viceroy of India from 1876-1880, and that the present Earl was born at Simla. Lord Lytton has two sons—Lord Knebworth and the Hon. John Lytton; and two daughters—Lady Hermione and Lady "Davinia" Lytton, who are shown with him in our photographs.

The Drama of a Victorian Sham.



THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL: SEPTIMA (FAITH CELLI); OLIVER (JACK HOBBS); WILLIAM (DION BOUCICAULT); A. L. ROYCE (ION SWINLEY); THE POET BLAYDS (NORMAN MCKINNEL); ISOBEL (IRENE VANBRUGH); AND MARION (IRENE ROOKE). (LEFT TO RIGHT.)



THE POET BLAYDS'S DAUGHTER ISOBEL AND HER "MAN," THE CRITIC ROYCE: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AND MR. ION SWINLEY.

As we note on the opposite page, Mr. A. A. Milne's latest play, "The Truth About Blayds," at the Globe, is a brilliant satirical drama of more solid stuff than those he has previously given us. The entire Blayds family have been sacrificed to their poet-father's fame. Marion's husband has taken his father-in-law's name in addition to his own, and has acted as secretary to him for twenty-five years. Isobel, the younger girl, has remained single in order to nurse him for eighteen years, and



DEATH "RELEASES" BLAYDS'S GRANDDAUGHTER: SEPTIMA'S (FAITH CELLI) LONG-FORBIDDEN "FAG."

the grand-children, Septima and Oliver, find themselves shackled by his eminence—and frankly resent it. Isobel is in love with Royce, the critic; and when she discovers that Blayds is only a sham, who "stole" his poems, she has an outburst over her sacrifice which gives her full scope for the display of her fine emotional powers. The grand-children, on the contrary, are delighted at the explosion of the tradition. Septima celebrates the occasion by a post-funeral cigarette.

The Venerable Victorian Impostor at the Globe.



THE POET BLAYDS IN A. A. MILNE'S COMEDY: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

Mr. A. A. Milne's brilliant play, "The Truth About Blayds," at the Globe, deals with a fraud, and its discovery. Oliver Blayds is hero-worshipped as a great Victorian poet. He is idolised by his family, who sacrifice themselves for him. He "eats them up," and his greatness smothers their lives; but after his death they discover that he is nothing but a fraud! His poems are not his own, but the work of

one Jenkins, a friend who died at an early age. The problems which this discovery entails are overshadowed at first by the anger which the daughters and son-in-law feel at having sacrificed themselves for an impostor; but the discovery of a will in which Jenkins leaves "everything" to Blayds makes it unnecessary for the family to publish the truth! Mr. Norman McKinnel gives a remarkable performance.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

An Electric Personality.

I caught a fast train to Swindon the other morning, and set out to pay a call on that electric personality, Mr. James White, who, besides being a personage in finance, has the ear of some of our most influential politicians; keeps some forty race-horses in training; has become the guiding genius of Daly's Theatre—you should hear his economy views on star actresses who think they should have a fresh pair of silk stockings daily at 28s. a time; is a very genuine patron of boxing; and at any hour of the day is worth listening to for his shrewd, sometimes dazzlingly penetrative comments upon men and matters of the moment.

Irish Elegance.

There was snow, and the car that took me the seven miles from Swindon to Foxhill had to fight against an icy, skirling wind; but James White is no indoor man when he is at Foxhill. A glass of port for me, and a cup of hot coffee for my host, and five minutes after my arrival we had crossed to the stables and were in the box of that glorious six-year-old, Irish Elegance, now at the stud.

The veriest townsman could tell that here was a horse of a generation: the strength and symmetry of his hind-quarters, the depth of his chest, the grand arch of the neck, the fire and intelligence of the full eye, his proud playfulness: an exquisite picture of strength and beauty. How happy Mr. White must be to be able to refuse £50,000 for such a noble creature, even though the name of Irish Elegance does not appear in that absorbingly wonderful volume, the Stud Book! And no wonder little Jimmy Wilde, when at Foxhill, has been known to get lost, and to be found gazing for an hour at a time at the play of Irish Elegance's superb muscles!

A Look at Leighton.

And then a swift run in the car down to Lambourne village, and a visit to Mr. Cottrill's training establishment, where we took a glance at Pharmacie, and at that horse which can go when he wants to, Granelly; and we even got a peep at Leighton, whom so many plumped to win last year's Derby. They say at Lambourne that Leighton is one of the best-mannered of horses. Someone said: "You could go into his box and find him lying down, and he'd almost allow you to sit on him as he lay there." But sometimes, of course, they speak in picturesque fashion at racing stables.

The Boxing Stable Lads.

Mr. White has over 4000 acres of farmland, and he is getting interested in black pigs; but it was too cold to study farming problems, and we were whisked back to lunch. And afterwards, in a big, airy barn, I saw Foxhill's tiniest stable lads being taught boxing; not the first elements (all

of them seemed to have got past that), but Bombardier Billy Wells, who was with us, took charge of operations and put the youngsters up to many a point of craftsmanship. In particular, he urged defenders to turn aside their opponents' left lead inwards, not outwards, so that the attacker should be in danger of leaving himself open to a swift counter-blow with the left. The boys absorbed everything the Bombardier told them.

The spirit and eagerness of the little fellows was most exhilarating; and there was one smiling, round-faced, tiny chap, about four-foot-something, whom everyone called "Tich," and he certainly caught the Bombardier's fancy. "Do you notice," said Wells, "how all the time he goes forward, taking the weight of his body with him into his blows? He is a natural fighter, and ought not to be altered in style. All he wants is to know how to lie off and box on the retreat, so as to get his moments of rest." That six or seven hours at Foxhill blew all the London cobwebs out of me, and made me forget taxation worries,

Division, and made the 18th Divisional Artillery as efficient as any on the Western Front. Afterwards, he was promoted to command the XI. Corps Artillery, and since the war he has been C.R.A. to the Eastern Command. He has a gift for clear, simple expression, and once in France issued a notably valuable leaflet on the treatment of artillery harness in Somme winter conditions. He is a student of history, but refuses to accept all the tenets of H. G. Wells.

At the American Club.

That breezy person, Mr. Jack Stone, who though he has been settled some twenty years in England, speaks American more fluently than ever, and has every fresh piece of American slang on his tongue before it has finished being coined, seems to be deserting London for Paris. In the war he did good work for us in the way of aeroplane armament, and was important enough to be sent across the Channel on a destroyer. Now his fancy has turned to black pigs, and he is building up a trade in France.

But when he comes over to London he is still one of the prime practical jokers of the American Club. The other day he persuaded a certain traffic magnate, whose French is much better than that of the majority of the members of the club, to assume a pointed beard and flowing moustaches, and be introduced to the club as his friend the Count de —. Jack Stone had got to the point of proposing "the Count" as an honorary visiting member before the jest was tumbled to.

While looking for bar-storm Globes. gains the other day in one of the shops where they offer beautifully cut Czecho-Slovak glass at such low prices, I came across one of those glass globes that show a mountain chalet and a landscape, which a hand-shake will transform into a snow scene. They are certainly old-fashioned, and I have not seen one for years.

In the cottages of Victorian days they figured as ornaments, and some people used them as paper-weights. I asked the shopman—an elderly man—if they were not rather rare nowadays.

"Curious thing about those globes," he said. "Four or five of them came over with the other stock. I didn't think I should have a sale for them. But one day a man came in looking round, and got his eye on them. He asked what I wanted for them. I said, '7s. 6d. each,' though I was ready to accept almost anything. He bought the lot.

"He came in again a few days later, and asked if I had any more—said he would give me up to a sovereign apiece for them. After some talk he told me he sold them to the pawnbrokers.

"Well," said I, "I thought I knew London life, but that's something I can't follow." He repeated, however, that pawnbrokers who sold old-fashioned goods would take them. That's another one that has come to me since he was last here. I expect he'll be after it."



CARPENTIER AND DESCAMPS AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY; M. DE ST. AULAIRE ENTERTAINS THE VICTORIOUS BOXER AND HIS MANAGER.

Carpentier, the famous French boxer, whose victory over Cook aroused so much interest, was recently entertained at lunch by the French Ambassador at the Embassy. Our photograph shows M. de St. Aulaire offering Carpentier a cigar. Madame de St. Aulaire is seen on the left, with Descamps next to her.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

influenza fears, and the new Pussyfoot threat, about which Viscount Curzon's Society for Brightening London is so anxious.

A Great Gunner.

Many a New Army gunner will be interested to hear of the approaching marriage of Colonel—better known as Brigadier-General—Sydney Metcalfe. Sydney Metcalfe not only looks every inch a soldier; he is a really scientific gunner.

I remember once, during those early training days at Shoeburyness, how he "told off" one of the new civilian officers. In mess, afterwards, one of the staff told him that the officer on whom he was so severe was Aubrey Faulkner, the famous captain of South African cricket. "I don't care who he is," replied Sydney Metcalfe. "If he were 'W.G.' himself I should have to do my best to make him a good artillery officer." And Aubrey did satisfy him in the end, and that was never an easy task.

Sydney Metcalfe became C.R.A., 18th

A Peep at a Favourite London Dance Club.



WHERE LUIGI RULES: THE EMBASSY CLUB.

The Embassy Club in Old Bond Street is one of London's favourite dancing haunts, and is patronised by many Society, political, and stage well-knowns. Our artist has given his impression of Luigi, the well-known maître d'hôtel and gastronomical expert, who presides

over the revels, and the head waiter, "Peter." He has also recorded his idea of C. B. Cochran and "Solly" Joel. The Club has only been open for a year, but boasts 1700 members, who include Lord Carisbrooke, Lord and Lady Birkenhead, Lord Derby, and Lord Beatty.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.



Tales with a sting.

MOTHS, WASPS, AND CIGARETTES.

By MICHAEL ARLEN. (Author of "The Romantic Lady.")

THIS, you know, is a detective story. . . . Some time ago I was directed to investigate the famous Hungerford case.

You will naturally remember it, and the sensation it caused at the time. For many days the papers were full of the strange death of the young baronet, Sir George Hungerford, at his place, Carnal Towers, near Newbury. There was at first a general distaste at so gross an idea as murder in connection with so popular and accomplished a gentleman; but the facts of the case were obvious. He had been stabbed in the back by an ordinary sheep's-foot dagger, and instantaneously killed. And general sympathy found an adequate mark in the portraits of the young widow, Gloria, whose features were already familiar to a public which had eagerly followed the brilliant fortunes of Gloria Castlewinter, as she had been two years before.

The consequent trial of the murdered baronet's cousin and heir, Cyril Hungerford, disturbed many homes and dinners with argument; which did not cease even when the young man was finally acquitted for lack of evidence. The Hungerford title and estates fell sourly on that young man, I'm afraid; for though some did not begrudge him the benefit of the doubt, the majority were content to sympathise with the beautiful widow and to ignore Cyril Hungerford.

Gloria Hungerford was of the type that compels the imagination. Her beauty was of that kind which needs only tragedy to enhance itself with a serious and pitiful charm. She was supremely reserved, and you might have thought her unmoved, there in the witness-box, but for the steady courage of her wide eyes. People carried her image away with them from the trial—that of a tall, lovely young woman of peculiar grace and dignity, whose clear white face and tawny hair were as though mocked by the cruel circumstance of her deep mourning. She bore herself superbly through it all; and one eloquent journalist wrote of her that she was "compact of all Englishry, in its noblest sense"—which, you know, is a charming thing to have said of one if one's mother is an American.

Cyril Hungerford, in the dock, did not shine in contrast with the young widow. And it was generally thought that so dour and uncouth a young man had done much better to have stayed in Africa, from the wilds of which continent he had returned but a few weeks before the murder of his popular cousin, who had invited him to stay at Carnal Towers for as long as he chose. The visit, however, had been unhappy; the two young men were of opposite natures and fortunes; and Cyril Hungerford was a young man of unrestrained temper and speech, which were both provoked to an intensity of rancour by the ease and leisure of his cousin's life; and, impelled by those wide Imperial ideas which had kept him in Africa the best part of his youth, he had nothing but contempt for a young man whose means and station could tempt him to nothing finer than a life of wasteful ease. All of which, you will easily understand, gave frequent rise to discussion between the young men, though Sir George was never roused beyond mockery of his cousin's rancour: which, it was emphasised in the evidence, had provoked Cyril Hungerford to an unrestrained outburst of bitterness on the night of the murder. And it had gone very ill with him in the crucial judgment but for Gloria Hungerford's evidence, which, though it by no means cleared

him, considerably paved the way to his final acquittal.

Gloria Hungerford had been, as will be easily remembered, the most brilliant débutante of that particularly distinguished season of 1913. The *Sketch* and the *Taller* said she was the most brilliant débutante of that particularly distinguished season, and they, of course, knew. She was famous for her beauty, clothes, and witty silences. And then, as though to cap a brilliant reputation with brilliant fulfilment, came her marriage to George Hungerford—a young man of whom it was not unjustly said that he was heir to all good things.

A notable wedding that was, which lit the world from Peru to Samarcand . . . to be followed, two years later, by the news of George Hungerford's death! He was murdered during the course of a ball at Carnal Towers. The body was found, towards four in the morning, lying face downwards across the threshold of a small study at the far end of the house; he had been taken by surprise, maybe dying in ignorance of the hand that had stabbed him so surely in the back . . .

It was nine months after the unsolved murder that I was directed by my chief to inquire further into the case. Cyril Hungerford had retired to West Africa immediately after his acquittal; but the mystery still presented certain features of a peculiar kind which my chief knew to be agreeable to my habits of theory. At my request he wrote to Lady Hungerford (who had elected to continue at Carnal Towers during the new baronet's indefinite absence) to beg permission for my intrusion: apologising for the reopening of so painful a matter, but stressing the possible utility of further investigation on the actual scene of the crime; and, the more plausibly to cover this purpose to others, begging her to ask me down to Carnal Towers as an ordinary guest over some week-end when she was entertaining a few friends—a proposal which might seem the less strange to her, my chief added, since I was already known to her in a social character. (At which I commented, "You ass!"—knowing how Gloria Hungerford would laugh at the "social character" of some of the, well, unconventional dinners at which we had assisted.) In a brief reply she asked me down the very next week-end.

When I arrived on the Friday evening she was entirely charming. And it might have been that she had asked me down in the ordinary way—but for her drawing me aside just before dinner and saying that of course everything was at my disposal, and that I had her fullest consent in any inquiry which I might think fit to make. I had always liked Gloria Hungerford, and her present manner of smoothing down my difficult position in her house (for it was difficult thus to have forced myself on her and her friends) considerably increased my liking. And to tell truth, the ease of her manners was singularly agreeable in a generation of young women which is remarkable for the lack of them.

Her uncle by marriage, old Guy Hungerford, was also there: a very genial and courteous old gentleman who has entertained many tables (and will, I hope, entertain many another), and whom I knew fairly well. Also two youngish women of the usual "county" kind, deplorably unexciting, and a young man, Gerald West. He held, I understood, a commission in the Brigade, but was quite talkative; and was very good-looking in that sulky way which, I have been told, is rather attractive

to some women. He was very pleasant, I thought.

After dinner we walked about the gardens until nearly midnight; and were very gaily entertained—as what company wouldn't be with old Guy Hungerford there to contrive his stories, and Gloria to mock them? After we had all retired I suddenly thought that another cigarette in the warmth of the July night was clearly indicated, so stole downstairs and on to the wide front lawns. But I soon tired of that, and was walking back to the house when there happened one of those absurd things which might happen so much more frequently, but somehow don't—for how often does one carelessly throw a cigarette out of a window, even into a crowded street, and how seldom does it strike anyone? But in this case the cigarette—thrown, presumably, from my hostess' window just above me—certainly struck me, and right on the crown of a head that isn't distinguished for its covering.

"Thanks so much!" I cried out softly.

Gloria Hungerford's face appeared at the open window. She grinned impishly.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "But detectives, you know, should be invisible. . . ."

"So you did it on purpose!"

"I have a very good line in ash-trays in my room, Mr. Trevor," she laughed at me.

At noon the next morning we were all very pleasantly occupied in neglecting the daily papers on chairs beside the lake in the park. One smokes a good deal on such mornings, and, my cigarettes failing me, I availed myself of Gerald West's proffered case, in spite of my hostess' quick warning:

"Oh, don't smoke his horrid things!" she cried, with surprising feeling. "They're those beastly Virginians—have one of mine, a real cigarette, Mr. Trevor."

But I protested that I was very well content with Virginians.

"The joy of smoking in summer," one of the young women (whose Christian name was Helen) fatuously said, "doesn't lie in Turks and Virginians, but in keeping off these wretched wasps." And she dashed her hand wildly across her face, to wave away an insistent wasp. There were certainly a plaguey number of them about that morning.

"Oh, do leave them alone, Helen!" Lady Hungerford cried. "They won't hurt you if you don't annoy them. And why hurt the poor little brutes, anyway? I can't bear this indiscriminate killing of insects and things just because you think they *might* annoy you."

"I have now finished my lecture on wasps," she said amicably.

But Helen (I can't remember her other name, but it should have been Smith or Brown) seemed quite unable to bear the proximity to her of anything with wings. For that night at dinner—for which I'd arrived just in time, as I had to go to London that afternoon—a poor little moth, which was hovering about the lights of the table, suddenly brushed her hand.

"Nasty sticky thing!" she cried. Instantaneous death of moth.

"Oh, I say!" old Hungerford protested.

"It's a poor return for a compliment, that! For that little moth was paying court to Gloria; indeed it was. It thought Gloria's hair was a marvellous light, and it's been trying to burn itself at it for the last half hour—and then you slay it!"

"It's spoiled my dinner," our hostess complained—and, actually, her voice seemed to tremble. And somehow I could understand

(Continued on page viii.)

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The Lights of Paris.

AN amazing number of Frenchmen seem to have had the curious idea of being born or of dying or of producing a *chef d'œuvre* just fifty or a hundred or three hundred years ago, and celebrations succeed each other—and resemble each other. It is perhaps a good thing for many people: more and more excuses for distributing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour are furnished. In this Quinzaine de Molière there have been English delegates here in Paris: one caught glimpses of Mr. A. B. Walkley, who has been attending first nights at the Comédie Française for a number of years that may be represented by *x*; and there were Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Cloudeley Brereton.

Madame La Ministre.

It is true that, on the whole, the newspapers have been devoting rather more space to M. Poincaré than to Molière—but I don't suppose Molière minds. These have been exciting days—I felt a victim to the prevalent complaint of hanging around in the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon without knowing precisely why. Hundreds of hearts have been beating a little faster; hundreds of Deputies have wondered with some dismay for what reason they were overlooked when the minor jobs in the new Ministry were filled up; and hundreds of wives have seen a glorious chance of shining as Madame la Ministre in their crowded *salons* disappear unaccountably. Post-bags have been chock-full. Friends have revealed themselves after a long period of forgetfulness. In fact, Molière would have had a wonderful opportunity of painting another picture of Paris social and political life, had he been among us.

Masculine Fashion.

In default of Molière, M. André de Fouquières presents himself. He is the modern Beau Brummell, but he is now also a playwright. Everybody knows that in masculine fashion his word is law. He is the best-dressed man—according to certain standards—in France. There is indeed a masculine fashion; and if the sterner sex has been rather lax in this respect since the war, the word has gone forth that there must be a more careful regard of the conventions. It is disgraceful, say the writers, that while Madame is more sumptuously garbed than ever when she attends the Opéra—as Mr. Lloyd George had an opportunity of judging when, with Sir Robert Horne, Sir Edward Grigg, Lady Markham, Miss Stephenson, and others, he saw "Faust" the other day—Monsieur at the best puts on a smoking-jacket.

Blazing Indoor Clothes.

Why this contrast between Monsieur and Madame? It is denounced vigorously, and many Parisians are trying to set another note. They are arraying themselves scrupulously. Personally, I doubt whether they will succeed in persuading their fellows that it is wrong to be at one's ease. What is happening, however, is that, however careless and ill-disposed to ceremonial dress the Parisian has become, he is rivalling the Parisienne in the privacy of his own home. There never were such gorgeous dressing-gowns and such brightly coloured *vêtements de maison*.

Who is Who?

I am forgetting M. de Fouquières. He has written, with M. Raymond Silva, a skit on Society which is produced at the Théâtre Fémina. He knows his world, and the characters that move on the stage are thinly disguised personalities of the circles in which he mixes. People are beginning to guess who is who. Probably this will grow into a popular game, and the journals will be hinting that M. Untel is really M. Tartampion. There are many worlds in Paris, all of which have some pretensions to be fashionable. There is the real aristocratic world, but there is also developed to the *n*th degree a smart set of the hotels and "bars" and theatres



dances. Then comes the Futurist dancer, Cariathys—who is indescribable. She has gone to the men who are to pull down Wagner and Beethoven from their pedestals—Erik Satie and Darius Milhaud—for her music, and to Jean Cocteau for the mask in which she shows us the Tango of To-morrow.

La Goya's Drollness. Then in this hunt for novelties another Spanish singer has been found whose fame in her own land is said to be equal to that of Raquel Meller. La Goya is her stage name. But if Raquel Meller was pathetic and even tragic at times, La Goya is droll. I have no doubt that London will have a chance of seeing her, for there is little of a special character that is seen in Paris that does not quickly find its way to London.

Gémier at La Cigale.

Attention is certainly to be given to the music-hall now that Firmin Gémier has appeared in a revue at La Cigale of Montmartre. It is not long ago that such a thing would have been found absolutely shocking; and even now there is much doubt about the wisdom of the future manager of the Odéon in accepting such an engagement. To tell the truth, the Paris music-halls, with a few exceptions, are a long way behind the London music-halls, or even the music-halls of the English provinces. The atmosphere is entirely different. But M. Gémier seems to spend his life in making débuts. He is always doing something fresh and unexpected. I confess that I do not appreciate the appearance of one of France's finest actors in this sort of entertainment. Certainly M. Edouard de Max, before he entered the Comédie Française, appeared at La Cigale; and the case of Signoret, a really clever actor who does not disdain the revue, will be fresh in mind.

Parodying Briand.

Gémier is amusing in the character of Moro-Giafferi, the most celebrated advocate in France—the defender of Senator Humbert, M. Caillaux, and Landru; if one may be allowed to join together such dissimilar personages. But it is as M. Aristide Briand that he makes his greatest appeal. M. Briand is not, I should imagine, difficult to imitate. All who have seen him at close quarters, who have talked at length with him, must realise that he is an excellent subject of caricature. But the imitation of Gémier is extraordinary. The voice, the attitudes, the visage, the play of the hands—all is faithfully reproduced; and probably the art of stage parody has never been carried so far.

Classic and Comic.

Voici a discussion *bien Parisienne* in perspective. One becomes quite passionate about whether such a representation is worthy of an actor who is to direct the classic second Théâtre Français. But why should there be this division between the comic stage and the classic stage? Was not Molière a comedian in the full sense, and in every sense, of the word? As the French say, *un comédien est un comédien*. It does not matter much what rôle he interprets. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



A FILM STAR IN AN ALL-LACE DRESS:
MISS BETTY COMPSON.

This remarkable all-lace creation has been specially designed for Miss Betty Compson, the film star, and looks as if it would cause a sensation when worn for the first time. The designer has not specified the occasions for which he considers it suitable, so we can only, like other distinguished folk, wait and see!—[Photograph by International.]

and "dancings." Never has there been such cosmopolitan luxuriousness as at this moment, and the satire of M. de Fouquières is not unwelcome.

Tango of To-morrow.

All our amusements are exotic. There are the Swedish dancers again, with Jean Borlin at their head. There are English artists galore in English plays. (Incidentally, I should say that "The Beggar's Opera," which at first was hardly understood by the French, obtained a new lease of life, and had a triumphant career). There is Nikitina, who was once the bright particular star of the Chauve Souris troupe, at the Olympia in her delightful polkas—the gayest, pleasantest things of their kind that I know—and in more languorous Slav

SHOVELLING, SKI-ING, SKATING, AND



OFF TO FETCH SNOW FROM THE RINK: MR. S. D. HARVEY GIVES MISS MAVIS BURN A RIDE.



CLEARING THE RINK: MISS MARY ARMSTRONG—AND HER SHOVEL.



THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF MR. N. F. RAMSAY, OF THE GRANGE, ALLANMOUTH: MR. ALICK AND MISS PEGGY RAMSAY.



MOTHER AND SON ON A LUGE: MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND JOE.

Snow has been falling at Mürren, and would-be skaters have to work hard to clear the rink; but it's worth it!—Miss Mary Armstrong is the daughter of Sir George and Lady Armstrong.—Miss Dorothy Molson and her sister are the two Canadian girls whose beautiful skating has aroused so much admiration at Mürren. They are the youngest members of the newly formed Penguin Skating Club.—Mr. Alick and Miss Peggy Ramsay

LUGE·ING: SOCIETY HARD AT IT AT MÜRREN.



EXPERT YOUNG SKATERS: MISS DOROTHY MOLSON
AND MISS B. MOLSON.



SKI ENTHUSIASTS: MR. E. R. SWORD, 4TH HUSSARS,
AND HIS SISTER, MISS E. S. SWORD.



JUST OFF: MISS KATHLEEN EELES AND MISS PEGGY
RAMSAY.



AN ENGAGED COUPLE: CAPTAIN ARROL MOIR
AND MISS DOROTHY ROYDS.

are well-known followers of the Percy, but have deserted the hunting field for a little winter-sporting this year.—Mrs. Austen Chamberlain has been enjoying her visit to Mürren. Joe is her elder son, and was born in 1907.—Captain Arrol Moir is the only son of Sir Ernest Moir, Bt. He is engaged to Miss Dorothy Royds.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



The Corner Shelf.

Little Novels of England.

Novels, as a great critic has not yet said, may be divided into good, bad, and Railway Fiction. Or, if one is to adopt Biblical standards of criticism, into those which make you read and those which make you merely run. Or else (if our categories are to include the work of Mr. Henry James, with the added advantage of being comprehensible by any waiter) into thick and clear. Or perhaps . . . but why wander gracefully through these critical generalities when there is a row of novels waiting, each costing at least twice as much as it ought to, and three times as much as an equally enjoyable visit to the Pictures?

Cloak and Sword.

It ought at this time of day to be practically impossible to write a bad historical novel. The ground has been so well covered and the rules so carefully laid down that the occupation should be practically fool-proof. The formulæ are as well settled as in algebra, or the most conservative (and least explosive) branches of chemistry. This way, Queen Elizabeth, lady-in-waiting, news of the Armada, Shakespeare seen in the distance, bronzed hero from Spanish Main, indiscretion of Court Lady forgiven by Queen, "Would to God, girl, that I had found such a man . . . patter of little feet . . . heart-strings . . . little hands . . ." and slow curtain. Or Gian Galeazzo Maria Sforza-Visconti (by arrangement with Mr. Maurice Hewlett), *bravi*, Monna something, passion, soft Italian nights (no, not "Knights," stupid!) the sudden pain of a knife in the back, a wriggle, and someone lies still. And so on and so on. You can't, if you know the rules, shoot off the target. Choose your period, and the writing is (as the spookists say) automatic writing.

Old France.

Very well, then; how do you account for this? Here is Miss May Wynne, who has already played the familiar Henry of Navarre gambit (to mate Mr. Stanley Weyman in four moves without losing more than two castles or saying *Ventre Saint Gris*). She takes down the Novelist's Guide to History (or Local Colour without Tears) and turns to the L's. There she passes rapidly by "Lampreys, surfeit of, uncomfortable sequel" and "Lanterne, à la, see Robespierre," until she comes to a couple of pages full of Louis'. Eschewing Louis XIV. and XV., mainly known to novelists as designers of furniture, and Louis XVI. (see "Marie Antoinette") she came to a dead stop in front of Louis XI. ("see Sir Henry Irving"). Drawing from

the reference book the usual ingredients—images of saints in hat, wry face, hollow laughter, Tristan l'Hermite, etc.—she sat down to do it on her reader. Yet has she?

Tushery.

Well hardly. One murmurs unwillingly (because one hates to be ungallant) all through "A King in the Lists"—"Oh for five minutes of Mr. Stanley Weyman!" Yet it never comes. Indeed, at the very beginning one seemed to be in for half an hour with a much earlier entertainer, when "On the 24th of August, 1473, a solitary traveller might have been seen slowly wending his way towards

Quite so. And that sentence is not the invention of a black-hearted critic, but stands for all to see on page 38. Not, oh most emphatically not Railway Fiction. Because hard objects might injure men working on the line.

Post-War.

So we moved hastily right out of the Middle Ages into 1919 or thereabouts. Mr. Coningsby Dawson had a pretty picture on the outside and a hero who was demobilised on page 1. So we had hopes. And, on the whole, they were not disappointed. He is (he has played the game before) a competent story-teller.

He regards the business of the novelist as the unpretentious one of passing time for us with a tale. He does not obtrude his views on Life, vaccination, the Peace treaties, or marriage-law reform upon his readers—except in one rather futile complaint that "after the apocalyptic splendour of mailed knights of Christ charging stern-faced down to Armageddon, the results of victory had been consigned to the weakling care of a race of talkers." He just gets on with his story and manages to tell it (in spite of an occasional lapse into forced vividness about young ladies who "breezed past the butler" and taxis that "chugged" down the road) with lucidity. One wants to know how it ends, his story of the post-war young lady who gets tangled up with a peer of the realm and his ex-valet Brigadier. It will end all right—one sees that from the picture on the cover. But before it ends, Mr. Dawson gives us a sound, unpretentious piece of magazine fiction.



THE WELL-KNOWN EXPLORER WHO IS ABOUT TO MAKE HER DÉBUT AS A NOVELIST: ROSITA FORBES (MRS. A. T. MCGRATH).

Rosita Forbes, now Mrs. A. T. McGrath, has written a novel which will be published by Cassell in the early spring—probably some time next month. It is called "Jewel in the Lotus," and the story is set in London, Paris, and the East. Mrs. McGrath has already written two books—"Unconducted Wanderers," and "The Secret of the Sahara, Kufara," both dealing with her travels; but "Jewel in the Lotus" is her first essay in fiction, and is likely to arouse considerable interest.

Photograph by Cassell and Co.

Amboise . . ." But Mr. G. P. R. James never took up the tale, and, unfortunately, Miss Wynne's lay figures obstinately refused to come to life. Even when they tried to show us how French they were by interjecting "Eh bien" into their conversation. But their cruel authoress killed them dead by sentencing them to talk the most dismally Wardour Street jargon. Like this. "Ho, ho, my pretty gossips. So this is your trysting place. A goodly jest, by my bauble, and one that my Louis will laugh at right merrily."

eyed, hard-headed generation which produces all the sentimental bilge we wade through to-day could put them all to flight in half a minute. And very competently Miss Delafield states her case—so competently that one can forgive her the pardonable flourish of dating it "June 9th, 1920; Singapore. Feb. 17th, 1921; Johore." That is the type of inscription which authors omit if it would involve them in writing "Ap. 1; Walham Green. Feb. 29; Shepherd's Bush."

[Continued overleaf.]



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Leslie Henson

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Continued.]

A Good Book.

But Miss Delafield draws a careful picture, faintly inhuman, perhaps (because not all her figures come to life—maybe because there is so much talk and so little description), but intelligent, even when it is devoted to flogging the deadest of all dead horses. And one doubts, somehow, whether, as a matter of history, such eminently Victorian parents ever co-existed with so neo-Georgian a school. But one must not find faults of detail with a novel which is written (as are so few—so very, very few) by an intelligent person, whom one feels that one could bear to meet. "Humbug" is not Railway Fiction. It is a novel. And even if read in the train, it would not endanger the lives of those wearily dodging workers on the line whose contusions are so often produced by the works of Miss — and Mr. — projected by angry readers from passing trains.

Mystery.

One wondered at first whether Miss Nina Boyle was equally destined for the permanent way; whether the nervous platelayer might not



THE ARTIST WIFE OF THE ORTHOPÆDIC SURGEON: MRS. ROWLEY BRISTOW.

Mrs. E. Rowley Bristow is the wife of Mr. W. Rowley Bristow, F.R.C.S., the well-known Harley Street orthopædic surgeon. She is a clever artist, and her work is often seen at the New English Art Club and International Exhibitions.—[Camera Portrait by Hoppé.]

find his right eye suddenly acquainted with "What Became of Mr. Desmond." Her lay, one gathers from Previous Notices (that invariably appreciative critic) is the shocker. But she need hardly set out to shock us by minor errors of orthography. Even a mystagogue should not talk about "Col. Newcombe"; and who, oh who are 'the Brontés'? It all begins in an atmosphere of farce faintly reminiscent of comic stories in old volumes of the *Strand Magazine*. Although an absent-minded wife is not ill-drawn. Yet one was glad when Miss Boyle got into her stride and popped up with her Mysterious Disappearance. Mr. Desmond vanished in Chapter I. And Mrs. D. was sorry about it—even though he had been known to employ a ghastly kittenishness and call her "You sly pet"—which is creditable to Mrs. Desmond. And so all her characters are sent off on a long dance through twenty chapters of uncertainty, in which there is a queer contrast between the melodrama of her plot and the rather vulgar insignificance of most of her characters. It is as though the members of a seaside concert-party were

involved against their wills in playing "King Lear." This odd disparity makes her story creak a little in its movements. But one hopes that she will follow her bent for crime, and not her gift for suburban comedy. Because a good story is always a good story.

Film Rights.

One feels about each of these four novels, excepting only Miss Delafield's, that the authors would be well advised to reserve the film rights. Because they are, in this hard world, likely to do better out of them than out of the printed page. But Cinema in excelsis is the lay of Mr. Curwood and his young friend "David Carrigan, Sergeant in His Most Excellent Majesty's Royal North-West Mounted Police," who perambulate together "The Flaming Forest." It is all shacks and "red-blooded men," and tepees and chipmunks, and the other familiar fitments of photographic drama. And one could read him best to the tinkling accompaniment of a flat piano played by a young lady who is thinking of something else. That is the way to get the sense of the Movies, and Mr. Curwood is indubitably movie. So you will hardly be surprised to learn that his Mr. Carrigan was looking for somebody "alive or dead."

Holding the Mirror up to Movies.

When he crouched, our hero could "double himself like a four-bladed jack-knife." When he thought, he thought just like the scenario of a star film. So it seems a pity to read about him at all. Mr. Curwood ought to let us see him on the screen. He is hardly worth writing about. Except for convalescents who feel the need of violent open-air fiction!

Quantity and—

And one is left wondering a little, after this douche of contemporary fiction. Wondering if it is really worth while, the great, swirling, Niagara stream of novels that pours from the printing press into the publishers' advertisements. Because it is becoming more and more difficult for the mild-eyed reader, for whose pleasure all this vast apparatus of British fiction is set moving, to detect a good novel when he sees one. The crowd is so immense that you can hardly recognise the unfamiliar face of merit as your eye wanders over the assembled novelists of England. Much, so much too much, manages to get printed. And yet you have



BADMINTON CHAMPION; NOVELIST: MRS. R. C. TRAGETT (MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE), AUTHOR OF "SEARCH."

Mrs. R. C. Tragett is the well-known Badminton player who won the All England Ladies' Singles Championship in 1911 and 1912, and is the past and present holder of many other championships. She has just made her début as a novelist, for her book, "Search," was published this week by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and will appear in America in the early spring, where it is being published by G. P. Putnams.

Photograph by Millar and Scott.

never (have you?) met the writer of a good book who didn't tell you that at least three publishers rejected it before the poor little thing managed to get itself set up, printed, bound, and exhibited for sale. Odd, when you compare that undoubted fact with the quality of most of what they do print. Odd—and wrong, somehow. So one is left wondering why they do print it all, who (except poor, driven critical persons) reads it, and what Posterity will make of it all.

A King in the Lists. By May Wynne. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Kingdom Round the Corner. By Coningsby Dawson. (Lane; 7s. 6d. net.)

Humbug. By E. M. Delafield. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

What Became of Mr. Desmond. By C. Nina Boyle. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Flaming Forest. By James Oliver Curwood. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

BOOKS TO READ.

THE MOON ROCK. By Arthur J. Rees. (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.)

This murder-detective story will be greatly enjoyed by those who liked "The Hand in the Dark."

UP AGAINST IT IN NIGERIA. By Langa-Langa. (Allen and Unwin. 18s. net.)

The author has avoided the well-worn themes of tribal marks and geographical features, and throws open his store of thirteen years' experience as a Political Officer.



FINDER OF A RADIUM MINE, AND EDITOR OF CHILDREN'S ANNUALS: MRS. ALEXANDER GROSS, F.R.G.S.

Mrs. Alexander Gross is a scientific expert of considerable eminence, and has been working with Mme. Curie in Paris. She recently discovered a radium mine in Brazil. She is also a favourite children's author, and "The Topping Annual" and "The Children's Year-Book," which she edited, have been read by thousands of little people all the world over.—[Photograph by Dorien Leigh.]

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The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



The Belvoir. Although the recent fall of snow and the spell of frost have lately put a stop to hunting in Leicestershire, some very good days have been had with the various packs. The Belvoir were seen to great advantage on the Lincolnshire side of their country, between six and seven miles being covered in just over the hour, which shows that hounds did not linger; they ran their fox to an absolute standstill, and killed him in the open—a real triumph for Major Bouch, who is both Master and huntsman.

The Quorn. Quite a heavy fall of snow after a frost made Mr. Paget decide not to hunt the Quorn after all, though the hounds came to the meet at Leake Pit House.

Mrs. Burns-Hartopp has been very busy with preparations for the Melton Ball. She took a party of eighteen—all young people. Major and Mrs. Peacock brought over twenty from Stanford Hall; and all the big houses round had parties.

A Surprise for the Hostess. Guests at a recent small dance decided at the last moment to take their hostess by surprise—they all turned up in fancy dress. The engine-driver and his mate created quite a sensation: the parlour-maid almost wondered whether they weren't plumbers to see the pipes! Needless to say, the party was a huge success.

The Grantham Ball. Owing to the death of one of the housemaids at Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland put off his guests who were coming there for the Grantham Ball, and Lord and Lady Granby returned to London. Lady Robert Manners, however, went from Kington with a party, as her young daughter was making her debut.

In Town for the Fight. At the Carpentier-Cook fight the other night I saw quite a little coterie of hunting folk: Mr. Dick Fenwick, of Little Belvoir, the Crawfords, from Thorpe Satchville, the Hon. Hope Prothero, Mr. Victor Gilpin, and Mr. "Tommy" Graves from Melton. Dancing at the Embassy Club made a very good finish to the evening!

Americans in the Shires. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hopping have taken Major, Burns Hartopp's house just outside Melton. They are now in residence there, but, unfortunately, have had a very severe attack of influenza. It is very nice to see Mr. Hopping back again.

Another American lady, Mrs. Barnwell, has at last secured a small house in Scafford Road; she has done it up most delightfully. She is often to be seen out with the Quorn.

The Melton Players. Melton Players gave quite a good performance of "The Romantic Age" the other night, though it was, I think, rather

too ambitious a play for amateurs. The outstanding feature was the finished acting of Mr. J. Wilkinson as Ern. It seems a pity that this talented young man is not seen oftener. Colonel and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Heriot and Baron de Collaert were sitting in the "stalls." In fact, every seat was taken, which was most satisfactory, as all profits were to go to the hospital.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S MARRIED DAUGHTER: LADY ST. GERMANS.

Lady St. Germans, the married daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, has been hunting with her father's pack.

Photograph by L.N.A.

In 'Beaufortshire.' The Hunt Ball, which was held at Chippenham Town Hall on the 10th, was a brilliant gathering and a huge success. The ducal party included Lady Diana Somerset, Lord and Lady St. Germans, the Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Cubitt, Captain and Lady Kathleen Rollo, Miss Greenwood, and the Hon. Sidney Rodney. The guests numbered about 450, and rarely have so many pretty girls been collected together; whilst the mingling of pink and blue coats gave a most charming effect that no Hunt Ball elsewhere can quite compete with. The floor, laid for the occasion, was perfect—so was Clifford Essex's band; the decorative scheme was most successful, and the supper excellent.

Some of the Belles. Lady Diana Somerset looked lovely

in a wine-coloured frock; other very pretty girls included Miss Audrey James, the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, the Hon. Ursula Spencer, Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, Miss Cynthia Hartopp, Miss Betty Harford, Miss Curzon, Miss Hope-Johnstone, the Hon. Maud Baillie, Miss Greenwood, the three Miss Fullers (whose exquisite fairness has gained them the local title of "Dresden China"), the Hon. Daphne Vivian, Miss Eileen Daly, Miss Madeline Lindsay and her sister; Lady Mary Cambridge, Miss Victoria Forbes, and many more; whilst the married women contributed a striking bevy of beauty, amongst them being Lady St. Germans, in a wonderful shade of emerald brocade; Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Mrs. Ralph Peto, Lady Mainwaring, Clare Lady Cowley, Lady Helena Gibbs, Lady Avic Menzies, Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, and her sister Mrs. Stirling Stuart (daughters of Mr. Herbert Lord, for many years Master of the Cotswold), the Hon. Mrs. Eric Long, and her bride sister, Mrs. Christopher Codrington; the Hon. Mrs. Capel, Mrs. Rupert Loder, Mrs. Lysley, Mrs. de Paravicini, Mrs. Trevor Horn, and Mrs. Jock Murray.

The House-parties for the Ball.

Lady Holford brought a large party from Westonbirt, Lady Portarlington one from Tetbury, and Lady Glanely had filled Lackham for the event. Other parties came with Mrs. Lowsley-Williams, Mrs. Gathorne-Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Eric Long, Captains Frank and Ralph Spicer; the Hon. Lady Neeld; and Mrs. Butt-Miller from Kingscote.

Next morning there was a tremendous crowd at the meet at Acton Turville, the field numbering well over three hundred. Fair sport was enjoyed, and there was enough

galloping and jumping to enable them all to have a cheery impression of a nice bit of country, though foxes got headed rather badly at times.

The Cottesmore. Wycherly Warren never draws the great crowds which the more favoured trysts on the other side do, so that, and the fact that everybody is dancing all over the country just now, would account for the small number of people out the other Thursday. Mr. Guy Fenwick and the popular "Elsie," however, were there. They live so close by though, don't they, so hadn't to make much of an effort to get to the meet. Major Allfrey I noticed also.

The Ball-Ticket Question. What an expensive pleasure entertaining big house-parties for charity balls is for the host and hostess, isn't it? When "Fishers" are so scarce, it's no joke having to dole out £40 for the pleasure of taking a string of lovely names to the ball! Fifteen or twenty people at £2 a piece mount up. On the other hand, it is impossible to ask your guests to pay for the tickets, although I am told "it is done," the consequence being that the same guests can never be asked two years running—the reason being obvious!

The Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds. Hunting was stopped for two days, but they got out again the other Saturday. The meet was at the Hainning, close to Selkirk. It was a poor scenting day, but from the young people's point of view it was very good, as there were several short hunts. The Duke's youngest son, George, a schoolboy, was out on his pony and going very well; also two of Mr. Scott Plummer's, Caroline and Watty (the latter a real little sportsman. His father is an ex-M.F.H., of the Lauderdale Hounds).

The Monday was a very much better day. Hounds met at the kennels; lots of very fresh horses, and they always play up on St. Boswell's Green—it seems to excite them. They



OUT WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S: LADY MAINWARING.

Lady Mainwaring is the wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring. She is a keen sportswoman, and is shown at a meet of the Duke of Beaufort's.

Photograph by L.N.A.

had a very nice day. There were a lot of soldiers and ex-soldiers out, among them Major the Hon. Hermon Hodge on his favourite horse, who was all through the war with him and was twice wounded; and he wears his medal ribbons and wound stripes!



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use tongs again!*

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Through a Glass Lightly.

Another "Notice" Up.

The blame for the failure of many theatrical adventures nowadays is put variously upon authors, actors, producers or managers, and owners. Anyway, here is one incident that may account in some manner for the trouble. During the rehearsals of what was prophesied would count as a masterpiece, actors and producers kept on gagging and cutting to such an extent that the author appealed to the illiterate financier who had put up the money. The financier attended a rehearsal. Every time a new line was put in, or an original word cut out, the author—who was a pet product of the financier—nudged his patron. Suddenly, from the empty stalls, the big man's voice bellowed out: "Nah then, young fellers; unless this 'ere work is done as it was wrote by my friend 'ere, I'll withdraw my fernanshial

The nurse, returning to him, looked at the thermometer, never blinked an eye, merely murmured: "Poor fellow," and went to report. Later she came back and announced that the patient would have to leave that day. "But, nurse," protested the "old soldier," "my temperature was up again this morning." In a sweet, kindly, all-understanding voice, nurse answered: "Yes, that's right; up to 140. That's why they're moving you; you're dead."

To be moneyed really means to be one-eyed. That is, one eye on the main chance.

You may know when a woman is in love by what she tells you. And when a man is by what he doesn't.

Baby Talk.

Precocious Peter whispered across the school desk to a confidential friend that he was expecting a little brother. His friend—almost with equal precocity—asked Peter how he knew it would be a brother, and Peter whispered back:

understand. So that—unless—" But, before he could say any more, the junior interrupted with: "May I ask precisely what it is you don't understand, Sir?" (Another Honours List, please).

The truth about insomnia: Years ago, I thought it was love. Then I began to believe it was indigestion. Now I know it's that afternoon nap.

For every man who fears he is a liar, there are two women who declare they speak the truth.

Noblemen and Gentry.

A wag had somehow been admitted to membership in one of those exclusive West End clubs which were restricted to noblemen and gentlemen. Actually, during his month's probation he missed a brand-new overcoat. So he put up the following notice: "Will the nobleman who took it please replace my overcoat." The secretary reprimanded the new member for indulging in such roguish



FANCY-DRESS REVELS AT GRINDELWALD: A GROUP AT ONE OF THE REGINA HOTEL DANCES.

Grindelwald is one of the most popular Swiss winter-sport resorts, and has had many visitors this year. Our photograph shows a group taken at one of the successful fancy-dress dances held at the Hotel Regina.

serport. I want no interpretations whatever!"

Giving a "piece of mind" has never yet secured peace of mind for anyone.

Somewhere between a man's heart and a woman's mind is a great gulf. It is the same gulf that lies between a woman's heart and a man's mind.

The man who loves a woman to make anything for him—from socks to mouton (yesterday's) *en casserole*—must have been made to love her.

140—in the Shades! An invalid who had spent an unconscionably long time over his convalescence in hospital, where he was extremely comfortable, was warned that he would soon have to be removed. So he conceived a plan by which his retention in such paradisiacal surroundings could be secured. While his temperature was being taken and the nurse's attention was centred on the next patient, he took out the clinical thermometer from his mouth and rubbed it hard on his sleeve.

"Well, last time mother was ill, we had a little sister, and now dad's laid up with the 'flu—or something."

When a clock strikes four, every woman wonders if she can keep that appointment at three. When a clock strikes five, every man knows he has another hour to wait.

For Axe-tion. It was in one of those Government departments where the axe was being wielded with full force. Juniors were being fired by the score, but there was one who was too obviously smart for anyone to point out why he should be dispensed with. However, the chief of the department, who feared that the junior might walk into a top job, sent for him one day and complained that his reports to the Head were too complicate and exhaustive. It was a report on the immediate disposal of tinned-milk labels (Mark VII.) unused. The Head said: "Now look here, Mr.—er—what I mean to say is that—er—these reports are too scholarly, if I may say so, too scholarly in their composition. They should be written in such a way that the most ignorant could

wit, but the new member explained: "But it must have been a nobleman, for no gentleman would have done such a thing."

The only secret that husbands and wives divulge to each other, says the cynic, is the secret that everybody knows.

Vain Regret. A local county magnate was entertaining a number of American visitors who were studying social life in Europe. After dinner a few stories of the nicely naughty genus were being exchanged, when one of the Americans, mistaking his cue, as it were, spoiled the pitch with a downright *risqué*, smoke-room yarn. The host almost shouted: "Sir! How dare you tell that story before my wife!" The ingenuous yarnster mumbled: "Sorry old man; but how was I to know your wife wanted to tell it?"

The nearest way to a woman's heart is that hidden little byway, your bank account.

Happiness comes not of remembering the good, but of forgetting the ill.—SPEx.



Food For Thought

BUYING Pearls where one buys a gown is as incongruous as buying a hat where one buys hardware. The beautiful things continue to be purely a matter of specialisation.

Jewellers only for Orientals, and Técla only for genuine reproductions.

TECLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

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Miss Beatrice Lilley
wearing a
Condor Hat

Condor Hats

predominate
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inimitable
Style,
Quality
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Finish.

Condor Hats are—

PRODUCED BY J. & K. CONNOR LTD.

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SOLD BY— Exclusive Milliners the world over.

(Address of Nearest Retailer furnished on Request.)

Look for the Sign—





Motor Dicta.

By Gerald Biss.



Racing Stop-Press.

Things are going ahead hot and strong for the French Grand Prix at Strasbourg, and the entry of a fourth Bugatti brings the total up to nineteen—only one short of the official minimum. So certain is it now regarded that it will come off that work has begun on the Strasbourg Circuit, which is about ten kilometres from that delectable distributing centre of diseased goose-livers. The course itself is triangular and just about thirteen kilometres, the sides being roughly some, four, six, and three kilometres apiece, and the two longer ones practically straight and making for good times. The Strasbourg Circuit, however, is probably not so fast as the one at Brescia, upon which the Italian Grand Prix will be held next September; and this, whether one likes it or not, will be the most important point of view, as, in addition to the other cars which are expected to enter, there are already entries from poor stricken Hunland, including three "Mercs," which did so much some twenty years ago to show other manufacturers the way; and five Benz cars, which are said to be Rumpers, being built at Mannheim. The Rumper is a very revolutionary affair, with an aeroplane streamline and the six-cylinder engine at the rear, with a direct drive to the back wheels, and the driver in front of the engine, the whole very low on the ground. It is something entirely new, and despite its dubious parentage, will have to be watched with interest and care. It is said that the "Merc." team will consist of Lautenschlager, Seiler, and Salzer, who were one, two, three in the dramatic Grand Prix in 1914, on the eve of the Great Eruption. Altogether the racing year in automobilism is banking up very big, and we should see many interesting things, especially if the Yanks don't sit tight upon their first laurels, but drop in to take a hand. They have now shown us that they are doughty opponents, who demand consideration and respect. Meanwhile, the Junior Car Club, although first in the field, has gracefully yielded place and date to the French Grand Prix, and by means of a friendly re-shuffle has put its 200-mile race for "1500 c.c." cars back to Saturday, Aug. 19, which frankly, to my mind, is not half such a good date for it or its members, as it comes right in the middle of the holiday season, when small-car owners and enthusiasts will be scattered to the four winds of the coasts. It is a pity, but it cannot be helped.

Warrants from the King.

In the recent list in the *London Gazette* of royal warrant-holders, amongst quite a batch nowadays of motor and accessory firms, three

struck me as being quite newly appointed, and to each a word of congratulation is due. First, there is the firm of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., which only came into being just before the Show; and I doubt if in all the history of Royal Warrants one has ever been given to a firm so young. The reason of it, however, is not far to seek. Stratton and Instone have been two of the most prominent figures in the Daimler Co.—the latter from the start, and the former for nearly twenty years; and last autumn, under the new Daimler policy,



A GOLD-MEDAL WINNER IN THE LONDON-EXETER TRIAL:
MR. S. GRIFFITHS IN HIS 11.9-H.P. BEAN.

Three Bean cars entered for the recent London-Exeter trial; all completed the double journey in the scheduled time, and were, in consequence, awarded gold medals. Our photograph shows Mr. S. Griffiths in the 11.9-h.p. Bean which he drove in the trial.

they took over personally and independently the whole of the London business and depot, at 27, Pall Mall, and are running it as a Daimler agency. Stratton personally for years has dealt direct with the King and most of the Royal family over their cars. Hence this prompt recognition by Royal Warrant. Another is the appointment of that ever-brilliant firm, the "C.A.V.," which refuses to

sheet owing to the shortcomings of others, which makes the financing of an accessory business particularly and peculiarly difficult in a time of slump.

Another comparatively young firm with Royal connections which has received the Royal Warrant is that of the "Irrepressible"

Rapson, who deserves all he gets for his enthusiasm alone. This appointment by the King is purely personal; and the recipient already holds that of the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family. As is generally known, Rapson is a very energetic inventor with a wide range, of which the most familiar are his unpuncturable tyre with its extraordinary guarantee, and his very 'cute lightning jack, which "even a child" can use! Personally, I should like to hear more about his dipping headlights, which struck me as the neatest and simplest solution of the dazzling-headlights problem I have come across. Meanwhile this second Royal Appointment has come to Rapson at the psychological moment, as they say in jour-

nalese, just when he has opened his new factory at New Malden and started manufacture upon his own, and has, further, launched his extraordinary tyre-maintenance scheme on the principle of a tyre costing so much per mile. If it be under his 5000-mile scheme, you have bought 5000 miles of actual running; and if anything happen to the tyre under that distance—say at 3000 miles—you just send it back and get a new tyre, upon which an allowance of 2000 pence is automatically made; and so in proportion. Further, the guarantee includes an "S.O.S." relief service if anything happen upon the road, and Rapson takes full responsibility. When your purchased mileage is complete, you can either buy more mileage, or you can return your tyres and get new ones upon the same terms. It is calculated under the Rapsonian system that a set of 815 by 120 mm. tyres costs 2½d. a mile between the four; and one of 935 by 130 mm. costs fourpence, a penny a mile apiece, which is not expensive going with a big car, especially with a guarantee behind it and a sense of security. In fact, I am not yet certain that I envy the "Irrepressible One" the job he has taken on, as it entails a big weight of responsibility and finance; but nothing ever seems to depress him or deflate his spirits with his unpuncturable, if not imperturbable, temperament. Any-



LADY DIANA COOPER AND THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND ARRIVE AT THE JANZÉ-BOYD WEDDING: THE HEROINE OF "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" IN HER TWO-SEATER.

Lady Diana Cooper drove her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, to St. James's, Spanish Place, for the wedding of Miss Phyllis Boyd, daughter of Captain and Lady Lilian Boyd, to Vicomte Henri de Janzé. Our photograph shows the famous beauty and film heroine of "The Glorious Adventure" at the wheel of her little two-seater.

be dimmed even in these bad financial days, and it will come as a kindly encouragement after a black year forced upon its balance

how, the endorsement of his Majesty's Warrant could not have come at a more favourable time.



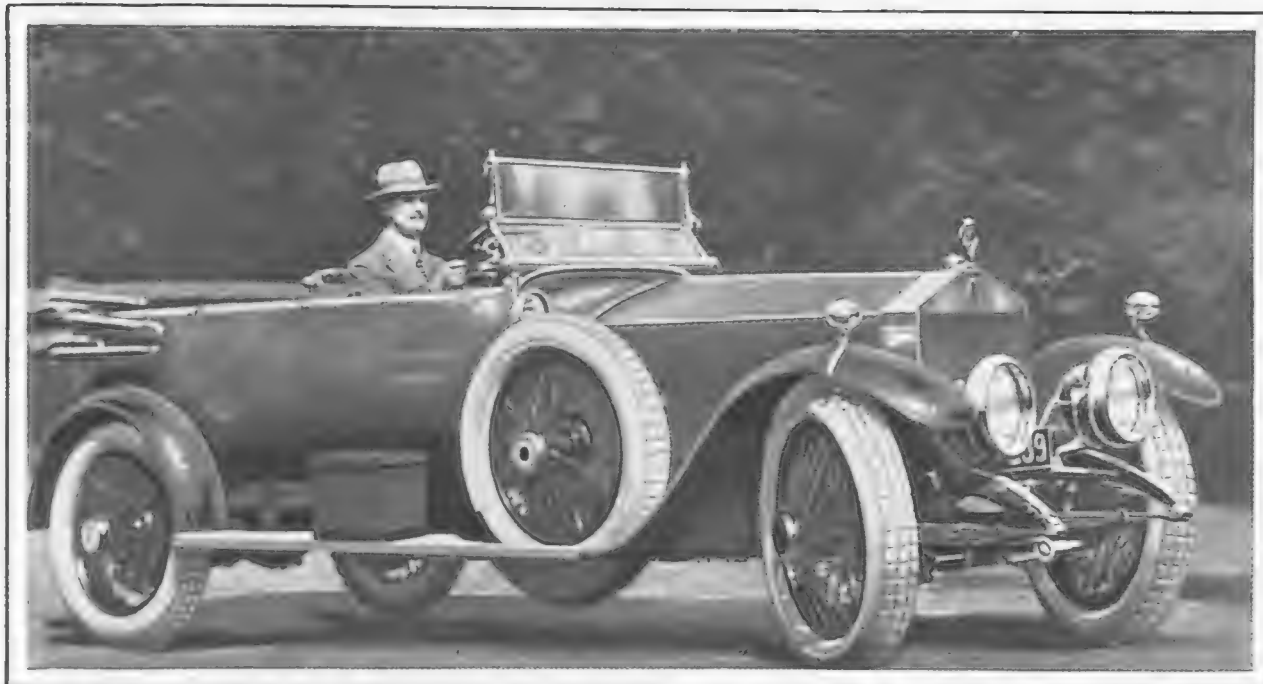
H.M. THE KING.

"RAPSON"

THE TYRE BACKED BY THE
WORLD'S BEST GUARANTEE!



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



A Rolls-Royce Car super
tyred at 1d. per tyre
per mile.

Vide "The Autocar".
"A remarkably low cost!"

TYRES AT "SO MUCH" PER MILE

Some Details of an Attractive
Scheme to Maintain
Tyres on a Mileage Basis.

By the Editor
"The Autocar."

TYRES form one of the principal items in the running expenses of a motor car. Even with the best makes it may happen that a new and costly cover meets misfortune early in life, for which the purchaser has to pay. Thus the idea of supplying tyres at an inclusive rate per mile has much to recommend it. This is the underlying principle of a new scheme of tyre maintenance recently introduced by Mr. F. Lionel Rapson in connection with his tyres.

Briefly, the idea is that a set of tyres of suitable size will be supplied under a guarantee that these will run a distance, let us say, of 5,000 miles. The cost of these tyres (taking an 895 x 150 mm. for example) will be 1d. per mile per tyre, hence with a tyre guarantee of running 5,000 miles under the maintenance scheme, the price would be 5,000d. Supposing that one tyre should fail after running 3,000 miles, Mr. Rapson at once supplies a new tyre, allowing 2,000d. off the cost of it to cover the unexpired margin which the old tyre should have run.

The tyre user can buy 10,000 miles of running instead of 5,000 if he prefers, and from the moment the tyres are fitted Mr. Rapson undertakes all responsibility for everything that happens on the road.

Having purchased 5,000 miles of running, after this distance has been covered, the owner is free to send back his old tyres and obtain new ones provided that the former are practically worn out. The maker of Rapson tyres states that in the hands of an average driver about 7,500 miles should be covered before the tyres are worn out. Just as the tyre maker has to pay for every mile that the purchaser fails to cover under 5,000 miles, so the purchaser is expected to pay for every mile exceeding 5,000, which seems only fair considering the relatively low price of the maintenance scheme. For example, under the maintenance service the cost per set of tyres per mile varies between 2d. and 1½d. per wheel on a four-seater car. A set of 815 x 120 mm. tyres costs 2½d. per mile, and a set of 955 x 150 mm. tyres 4½d. per mile, intermediate sizes being *pro rata*. It must be admitted that a fraction over 1d. per mile for a 955 x 150 mm. tyre on what amounts to a guaranteed mileage of 5,000 is a remarkably low cost. (Extract from "The Autocar" December 17th.)

THE RAPSON TYRE MAINTENANCE SERVICE.

BRITISH MOTORISTS! Why trust to luck on ordinary pneumatics when, at much less cost, we offer to equip your cars under our Maintenance Scheme, with a tyre *even better* than those:—

1. That stood up to 11,000 miles hard running on H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' Rolls-Royce car.
2. That exceeded 10,000 miles running on the Prime Minister's 3-ton car.
3. That stood up to hauling 4½-ton armoured cars hundreds of miles through the burning desert, when ordinary pneumatics (according to official figures) punctured or burst on an average of every five miles.
4. That the Managing Director of Messrs. Barker & Co., Ltd., the famous Rolls-Royce Coachbuilders, declared to be far more comfortable to ride on than any ordinary pneumatic he had ever used previously in some twenty years' motoring experience.
5. That the Vice President of the Inland Rubber Company, Chicago (the manufacturer of the best tyre in the States to-day), candidly admitted to be:—"the best designed and finest all-rubber non-skid in the World—bar none!"
6. That we "Unconditionally" guarantee against puncture, burst, tube trouble and every conceivable thing that can happen to a tyre on the road for 5,000 or 10,000 miles, according to price.

WE REPEAT, why trust to luck, when, by a simple sum of arithmetic, you can ascertain exactly what non-guaranteed ordinary pneumatics have cost you in the past, then, by comparing the result with the prices we quote below, you will be able to judge whether we are exaggerating when we declare the Rapson tyre to be the guaranteed best, yet cheapest on the market to-day.

THE APPEAL DIRECT!

Whatever your individual requirements—Long Mileage—Absence of trouble—Immunity from Skids—Super Comfort—First and Last Costs—Appearance—THE Tyre par excellence is the Rapson, the PROVED strongest tyre in the world!

THE RAPSON TYRE MAINTENANCE SERVICE.

Set of four, 815 x 105 m/m. Rapson tyres maintained at	2½d. per mile.	Set of four, 920 x 135 m/m. Rapson tyres maintained at	3½d. per mile.
" " 815 x 120 m/m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	2½d. "	" " 895 x 150 m/m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	4d. "
" " 820 x 135 m/m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	3d. "	" " 935 x 150 m/m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	4½d. "
" " 880 x 135 m/m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	3½d. "		

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Looking Up. It is said that veils and feathers will be revived with the Court dresses to be worn at the Royal wedding, and the news has been joyfully received in the dressmaking world. It is not that veils or feathers form a profitable source of income, but their revival suggests a return to the "full dress" that prevailed before so many things were sacrificed to economy. That, in its turn, suggests a social revival, and that, of course, means a dress boom. Now you know why the dress people are once more, and not unreasonably, hoping for a better season.

What It May Bring.

As to what the season will bring in the way of fashion, such news as is available at present is based more or less on conjecture. Almost certainly there will be no radical change in "line." In other words, the new frocks will be straight frocks. The reason is easy to understand.

The vast majority of women look their best in this style of dress, and every dressmaker knows that to get women pleased with a style and happy in wearing it is the surest way to arrive at that satisfactory situation when "the books" show a large balance on the right side at the end of a year's hard work! Moreover, modern woman likes to be comfortable as well as smart, and modern frocks constitute about the most convenient form of dress that has ever been devised; and the very fact that the dress artists have been giving it to her for season after season lately proves that they are wise enough to realise that the mode that ignores the convenience and comfort of the wearer stands very little chance of being successful.

Something with Patterns.

Will the plain crêpe-de-Chines, and satins, and marocains, be followed by a period of frocks made from distinctively patterned materials? One hears of pastel tinted models to follow the black frocks that are, even now, perceptibly fewer in numbers; and as contrast makes for variety, it's more than likely that, even if the earlier models are of plain materials, those for the late spring and early summer will be patterned in no uncertain fashion. This return of colour and design will be the more marked as the season wears on, for cotton materials lend themselves to all kinds of colour-schemes; and as their reign is necessarily brief, and the materials themselves are comparatively cheap, the woman who wears a frock of this type for the few weeks of the season need not feel guilty of extravagance when she discards it when that season is over.

The Use of Tissue.

Tissue fabrics are being shown for "the new season." But tissue—plain tissue at any rate—has an unfortunate propensity to crush easily, and there's nothing quite so calculated effectively to detract from a good appearance as a crushed or crumpled dress. Hence the appearance of what is known as moiré tissue—tissue so treated that it has a "watered" appearance; and this kind of background, it is contended, effectively prevents creases from being apparent to the ordinary casual gazer.

That Victorian Touch.

It cannot truthfully be said that the enthusiasts who point to frocks of the Victorian type as being most becoming to youth have met with much encouragement. For many seasons now experiments have been tried with various forms of "crinoline" and "puffy" skirts. Many of the

best dressmakers dutifully include one or two such gowns in their collection of models, though truth compels the admission that the sale of such gowns is strictly limited. Very few people can afford to indulge in dresses that "date" easily, or become "known" too quickly; and anything approaching a "crinoline" is very quickly spotted in a company of straight frocks. On the other hand, provided it is carefully handled, a Victorian frock is delightfully becoming. One actress who makes a point of wearing them always manages to look charming. One example she selected for wear at a stage dance the other day was of sky blue and white shot taffeta, the skirt, full below the tight-fitting little bodice, being decorated with baskets of roses in ribbon-work. A whole battalion of paste buttons fastened the corsage, and a cunning little turn-over of finest lawn edged with real lace suggested a fichu, but looked very much more *chic* than the real article could ever have managed to

do. This art of adapting modes of yesterday to the needs of to-day is one of the secrets of success in the dressmaking world, where historical knowledge is almost as valuable as the ability to execute a skirt that hangs perfectly or build a corsage that fulfils its duties without exposing the wearer to the reproach of being dowdy!

Full of Interest.

Experiments are always interesting, and as so many of the first models are experimental in character, it is only natural to suppose that the designer who cuts a long corsage even longer on one side than the other does it partly because he has no desire to waste valuable material by producing a possible failure, and partly because the result has that novel aspect that, before everything else, is demanded in the very first frocks of the new season. Another notion is the corsage high at the front, and very low indeed at the back—a reversal of a mode that has been in vogue during the last month or two. Possibly the "flu" fiend has driven women to keep their chests covered; but as dressmakers frankly admit that such practical motives seldom influence fashion, it's more likely that the change proceeds just from a wish to have "something different."

For Two Months.

Women who may, in spite of warnings, have put off their sale shopping from day to day will be glad to learn that the winter sale at Burberry's, in the Haymarket, goes on throughout February, so that if any reader of this page does happen to want a suit, a warm coat (whether for driving or walking), a rainproof wrap, or a lovely fur, all that is necessary is to step along to the

firm mentioned and get it! Very substantial reductions have been effected in all departments. Practically everything is half price, and in many instances under that figure. This applies to the coats commonly known as "Burberrys," as also to coats and skirts and other costumes. Moreover, the half-price rule has been further extended to the furs, some very lovely examples of which are to be seen in the firm's salons. In many cases the pelts are of the very valuable variety, the original price running into hundreds of pounds.

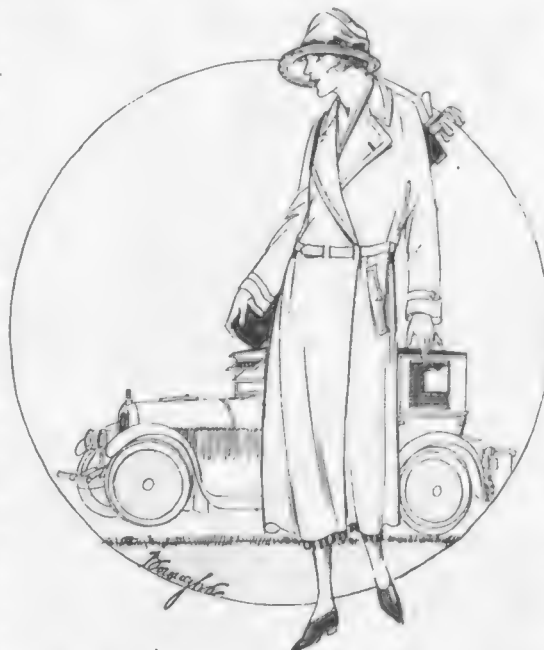
Another Point.

Another point to be borne in mind is that during the sale months Burberry's will make costumes to measure at greatly reduced prices. There are some women whom "stock" models never seem quite to fit, and whose dressing bill, in consequence,

[Continued overleaf.]



A trim tailor-made is the most becoming garment an Englishwoman can wear. This one was made by Burberry.



The athletic girl in a Burberry coat is quite independent of the weather.



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FINEST OLD TAWNY PORT

AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN
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SHIPPED, BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY

W & A Gilbey

THE SIGNATURE THAT GUARANTEES
QUALITY, PURITY & VALUE.

MAKES WORK THE PLEASURE
IT SHOULD BE TO A HEALTHY MAN.



INFLUENZA

MR. DRAYCOT M. DELL, the well-known Novelist, writes:—After a severe attack of Influenza which left me almost a nervous wreck, I resorted to a course of Phosferine and was surprised and gratified at the result. Almost at once I began to mend and after a week's course I felt a New Man. Not wishing to slip back, I continued taking Phosferine for another fortnight, and at the end of that time I was restored to that full measure of health that I usually enjoy. At the first sign of a cold or when stress of literary work begins to tell, I find that Phosferine wards off the threatened attack and makes work the pleasure that it should be to a healthy man.

Author of: "*Ibsen's Ghosts*," "*The Veiled Lady*," "*The Red Whirlwind*," "*Drake's Drum*," etc.

PHOSFERINE

PREVENTS

COLDS & INFLUENZA

AND RESTORES HEALTH AFTER AN ATTACK

The Greatest of all Tonics

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza
Nervous Debility
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Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

(Continued.)

stands at a far higher figure than would be the case if they happened to be built "stock" size. To such the offer mentioned above should appeal very strongly. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind a generation of women most of whom indulge in various forms of sport of the existence of "Solax," and "Slimber," and other Burberry specialties, all of which are proofed, so that the wearer is gloriously independent of the weather.

Colours Coming.



A spring model in green satin and blue georgette from Péron.

is a girdle of steel links about the slightly pouched corsage, and this is fastened with a buckle of carved stone, jade green in colour. The skirt shows that the popular panel will be a feature of the early spring season at any rate. In this instance the panels are of different lengths, and each shows a fringe of crystal beads. One notices the absence of sleeves, to replace which different devices are used. In the model shown a long straight piece of georgette is gathered into a "bracelet" of elastic that grips the arms between the elbow and the shoulder, these floating "sleeves" reaching below the hem of the skirt.

A New Tint.

The newest colour-shade is a curious deep pink, something between petunia and cyclamen. A dress in this shade at Péron's, developed in a new silk crêpe material, showed a corsage consisting of back and front panel laid over a foundation of silver tissue plainly visible at each side. Here again there were no sleeves, and a steel snake with jewelled eyes was detailed for girdle duty.

Moonlight.

Paillettes were used to decorate an evening gown, the black net over-dress of which was closely sewn with them, jet being also introduced. This shimmering robe was used over a foundation of blue satin. It was sleeveless, tight-fitting as far as the hips, and ended in a full skirt, after the Andalusian style—a fact that no doubt accounted for its name "Peau d'Espagne." Hammered gold brocade is a new material, and as seen at the salons named was used for an evening gown cut with a corsage high in front and very low at the back. Péron has

salons at 2, Rue de la Paix in Paris; so that the London establishment represents the latest dress notions in the French capital.

The Strand Première.

There is another method, too, for those of us who can't go to Paris to see which mood Madame Fashion seems likely to favour. We can glean information from the London theatres. There are not many frocks in "Old Jig," and "Me and My Diary," at the Strand, but those that there are, are good. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who plays the lead in the brilliant little sketch of the indiscreet author at home, has a delightful grey charmuse afternoon frock with floating sleeves of chiffon to match. By the way, how immensely Miss Jennings' little satire seemed to amuse the Asquith family, who were assembled in a box on the first night!

Anyone in search of a ball-dress for a young daughter couldn't do better than take their cue from Miss Jessie Winter's frock in the first act of "Old Jig." It is ever so simple—just white chiffon cut with a "petal" skirt and provided with a wide silver belt. One long end of chiffon falls at the side of the skirt and makes a little cloud-like train, and the whole creation is strewn with pale-pink roses—just a few of them to give a note of colour. It is charmingly pretty. Miss Winter's other dresses are very simple, and it was interesting to see her appear in a short cape with a tailor-made dress. Very original and becoming to the wearer, but I shouldn't advise the style for anyone who is not rather of the "rogue in porcelain" type.

Always Welcome.

Perhaps it wouldn't be true to say that broken pencil-points account for most of the bad language in the world, but at least a great deal of it could probably be traced to this kind of provocation. All the more reason, therefore, for making your friends acquainted with Baker's Perm-Point pencil, that writes half-a-million words without refilling, with a lead that needs no sharpening. There is no space here to give a detailed list of its advantages and good qualities. A long-sized silver one costs 18s. 6d., and a gold one from 90s.; shorter ones are 16s. 6d. and 75s. respectively; and Mappin and Webb, or Vickery, or Harrods, are just a few of the jewellers who will supply you with one. If you are not in London, write and ask Edward Baker and Son, Augusta Street, Birmingham, and they will supply you through one of their clients.

What of the Present?

Spring fashions are, after all, a matter for the future, but "sales" are still of the present, though the season for them has only a few days to run. An event of this kind that will interest every woman is the sale at 185-186, Piccadilly, W., where P. Steinmann and Co. are not only selling laces, both real and imitation, at very specially reduced prices, but also baby linen, children's frocks, and the loveliest materials for the homemaker that it is possible to imagine. But the sale only lasts during January. Every woman who sews at all knows the trouble of trying to match lace with the insertion that is intended to trim the tiny garments upon the making of which she spends so much time and trouble. All bother of this kind is saved by the firm named, who will, if the worker prefers, send along a book of lawns, nainsooks, cambrics, and so forth, together with a second of laces, insertions, and embroideries, so that the only thing to be selected is the design. A very attractive collection of remnants of gingham, zephyrs, lawns, lengths of piqué and linen are amongst the good things included in the sale.

For Older Wearers.

Besides the baby linen and children's frocks, there is beautiful lingerie for young people as well as their elders, both singly

and in "sets," to meet the requirements of modern fashion. The real laces are a special feature of these salons; and remnants of real filet, Flemish, Point de Paris, Brussels, Irish crochet, and other varieties are the kind of thing that will appeal to every woman who likes always to have a piece of dainty plain work on hand. Modesty fronts for wear with jumpers and blouses, made in various laces, and varying in price from 8s. 6d. to 30s. each, are useful as well as pretty additions to the wardrobe.

Monte Carlo.

Now I have dealt with dress I must give you some Riviera notes. Everyone is delighted with the alterations and improvements which have been made in "The Sporting Club" at Monte Carlo. Its large numbers of members are mostly English and American, who prefer the well-organised privacy of the club to the crowded rooms of the famous Casino. During the summer the club was enlarged and re-decorated by well-known artists; money was spent lavishly, but with discernment and taste, and when the habitués returned to Monte Carlo at the beginning of the season, it was delightful to see their surprise and pleasure when the Manager ushered them into the new rooms and handsomely decorated salons. M. Camille Blanc, President and Chairman of the Société des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco, has succeeded in combining luxury and good taste, and the result is simply perfect.

Dancers Well Catered For.

One of the many advantages of the Sporting Club is that members have the privilege of availing themselves of the dancing room, reserved for their particular use at the Park Palace. This spacious, perfectly floored ball-room is under the management of an American, whose thorough knowledge of the requirements of his guests is almost magical. A *thé dansant* is held there every afternoon, from 4 to 6, with the exception of Thursdays and Sundays, when there is no afternoon dance, but a ball in the evening. Dancers are, in fact, well catered for at Monte, for no



Extreme youth is no bar to smartness. These attractive frocks come from Steinmann.

one can resist the Hawaiian Band; and every Wednesday sees a grand ball in the Salle de Musique du Casino. The Café de Paris also has dancing teas every day, and *diners dansants* every evening, as well as dancing suppers from midnight till early dawn. On Thursdays and Sundays there are gala suppers; and what with the perfect food, the beautiful surroundings, and excellent music, these entertainments are invariably successful.

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Curling



THE mellowness of
RED TAPE Whisky
gives a satisfaction possible
only with the finest of
old whisky.

"Red Tape"
(TRADE MARK)
The Whisky

is everywhere the
preference of careful
buyers. Make it your
preference.

Sole Proprietors:

BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.



Austin
"Twelve"
& "Twenty"



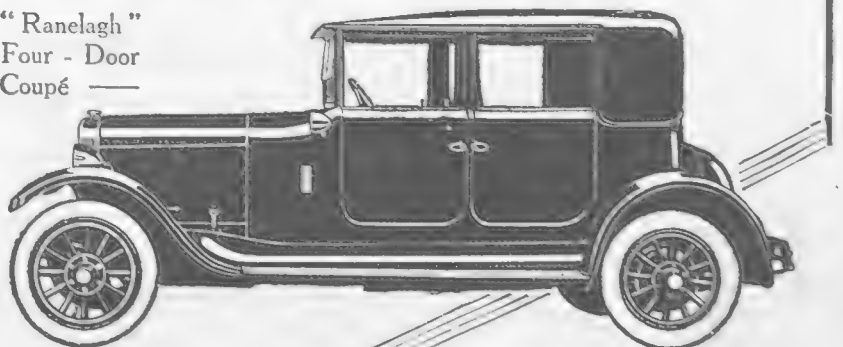
Speaking of Oxford Street,
the new Austin four-door
Ranelagh Coupé, shown
here, is ideal for shopping.
It is so easy to get in and
out of, and is as smart
in appearance as it is
powerful for the farthest
touring.

**"As if
She Had Been Born
in Oxford Street!"**

Mr. A. Lewis Hitchins, a well-known South
African solicitor, lately drove his new Austin
for the first time, and writes us that he was
fearful (then) of the London traffic. But his
letter says:

*"The flexibility of the engine dispelled
all the terrors of the London streets. She
'backed and filled' most beautifully, and,
with the lightest touch on the steering
wheel, threaded her way across and
through the stream as if she had been
born in Oxford Street."*

"Ranelagh"
Four - Door
Coupé —



THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.

Head Office - Northfield, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON - 479-483, Oxford St., W.1.; and at BRUSSELS
MANCHESTER - 130, Deansgate; and LIANCOURT.

MOTHS, WASPS, AND CIGARETTES.

(Continued from page 136.)

her point of view very well; there are minds that instinctively care for the little things of the air and earth, to whom it's a physical pain and mental humiliation to think of crushing even a noisome insect—and to whom the hysterical Helen type of woman, with her indiscriminate terror of everything from spiders to mice, is a most offensive spectacle.

"Helen What's-her-name will never be asked to Carnal Towers again," thought I—nor was she!

It was after midnight before I managed to draw my hostess aside from the party. We stood on the gravel path in the full light that came from the open windows of the drawing-room.

"I'm very sorry, Lady Hungerford," I said, "but I must arrest you for the murder of your husband, Sir George Hungerford. I have a warrant, made out this afternoon."

She was silent, very white. But she met my eyes straightly: livid blue they were, quick with terror—and contempt! But she said not a word. I felt despicable in my cleverness.

"Wasps, Virginians, and moths. . . ." I tried to explain awkwardly.

"But will you please not consider yourself arrested until to-morrow morning," I hastened to add—I wanted to palliate, don't you see, that strange contempt in those blue eyes. And I did.

"Oh, that's kind!" she cried softly. She smiled on me then. For she and I knew very well that there would be no Gloria Hungerford in the world the next morning.

"You see," I told Guy Hungerford some days later, "when that cigarette dropped from her window on to my head I naturally thought nothing of it, except that she was smoking when she said she had thrown it

at me on purpose—until her remark about Gerald West's cigarettes the next morning! And then, of course I spent an anxious few minutes before lunch looking for that half-burnt cigarette of the night before, which, I remembered, had smelled like a Virginian—and so it was, for I found it, and here it is.

"And then the wasp and the moth," I added shyly. "One can't always go on direct evidence, you know, even when one can find it. One must sometimes grab a point of psychology that comes along, and use it to extract a confession from a probably guilty person. I had always suspected a woman of killing Sir George Hungerford—for only cats and women kill in the back, and cats are rarer. It had probably something to do with love, I thought; but I didn't know until Gerald West was careless enough to throw a cigarette from her bed-room window that he was her lover, and that she may have killed her husband in order to marry him. . . ."

"But what has a wasp and moth got to do with her having killed him?" Guy Hungerford impatiently asked.

"That successive care for moths and wasps! Why, my dear Sir, it's a well-proved fact that many men who are very attached to a dog or horse are often uncommonly cruel to their wives—and an affection for animals is often pronounced in murderers. There ought to be a society for the prevention of kindness to animals, for it often reacts in cruelty to mankind. And in Gloria Hungerford's case of mad passion you get this excessive care for little beasts—and probably, I thought, inhumanity to a man! At least, so I concluded—and rightly!"

"I wish," said old Guy Hungerford, "that you had concluded it some other week-end."

I had to leave him then, for there were several pressing murders to be solved before luncheon.

[THE END.]

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"PAID your income tax, old man?"
"No, but I have taken out a dog license. So you can't say I am trying to diddle my unhappy country. You paid yours?"

"No, but I have resolved to smoke two more cigarettes a day, in order to help swell the revenue. When are we supposed to pay the income tax?"

"January the First, of course. You knew that."

"But it was a Sunday. As a religious man, wouldn't you think it more—er—appropriate for me to wait until next January the First, which will be a Monday, and will save me from doing despite to my conscience?"

"You certainly might try, and see what happens. As a matter of personal convenience, you may find it more comfortable to square up before then. Still, if you decide to wait for a year, drop me a line and tell me how you get on."

"A good many people have had to sell things to raise the income tax this month," a passer-by stopped to say. "Any chance of its coming down in April?"

"They might reduce it on the First."

"Well, there will be the devil's own row in the country if we don't get some kind of relief, either present or promised. It's one of the things that have helped the rise in Stock Exchange securities."

"With all this enormous advance in heaps of stocks, we have got a very small amount of extra business."

"Proving that people won't sell their good stocks. Very sensible of 'em, too."

"One of my clients sent me a list of a dozen different Debenture stocks, and told me to buy him a hundred pounds of each.

[Continued overleaf.]

"The most improved Cars of 1922."

This is the considered judgment of those who have tried the present type 16/40 h.p. and 24/60 h.p.

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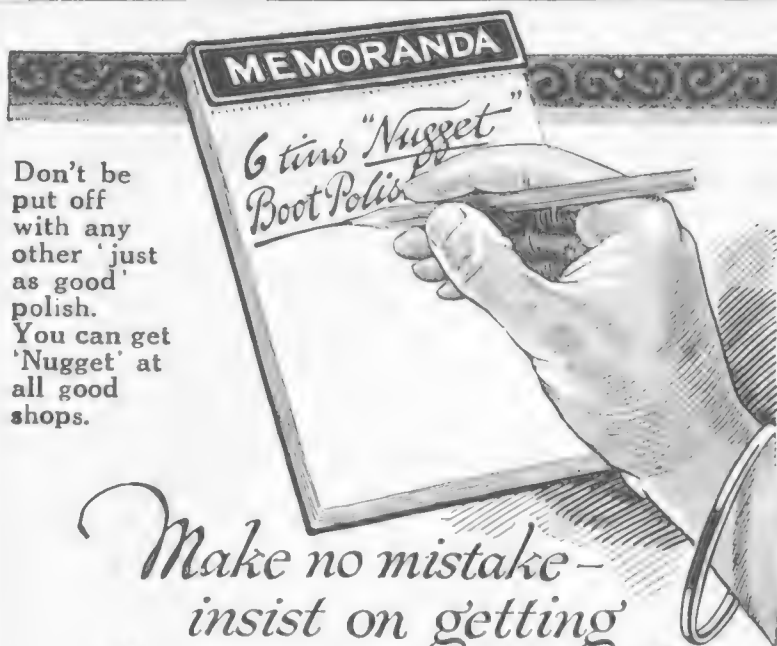
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OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES
with which these cars are now fitted.



The 16/40 SUNBEAM
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£960

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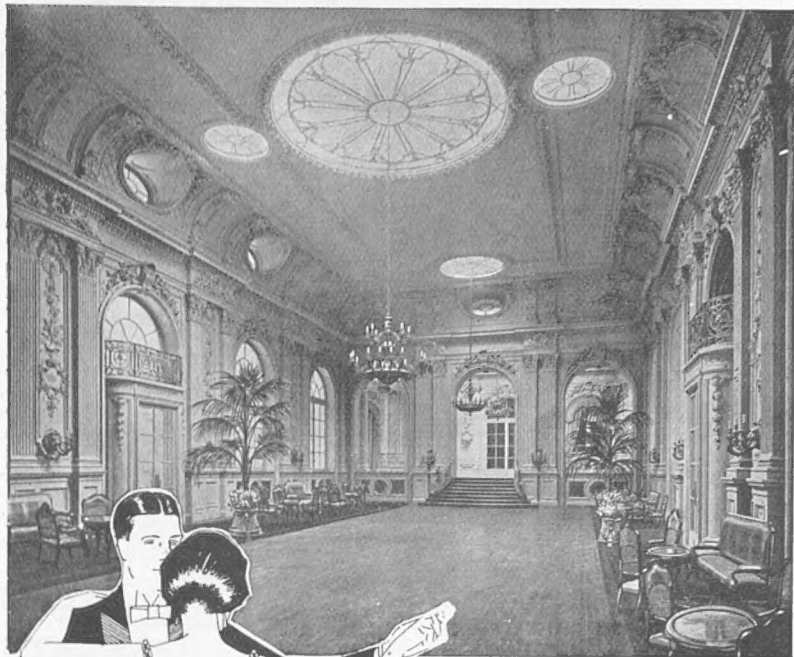
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CECIL—one of the
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Ciro Pearls

stand alone with a world-wide reputation as the most faithful reproductions of Oriental Pearls. *Ciro Pearls* copy nature—others attempt to copy *Ciro's*.

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 in. long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings or any other *Ciro Pearl Jewel* in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days, and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl* necklets may be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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ATTRACTIVE NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in rich pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, with attractive lace bodice and sleeves, finished with pointed hand-veining and satin ribbon sash. In pink, mauve, yellow, sky, coral and ivory.

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HOSE**
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and well fitting. In
black, white and
colours.

Price 4/11 per pair.



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Continued.]

How many do you think I succeeded in getting?"

Guesses ranged from two to the lot.

"Not a single one out of them all. Of course, I gave him various alternatives to choose from, but they weren't what he really wanted."

"What did you suggest?"

"Buchanan, Dewar 7½ per cent. Preference at 19s. 6d., for one. Perfectly good, and I can't see them going down."

"Not so long as Black and White does, my boy. Next item on the programme?"

"Paton and Baldwins 6½ per cent. Preference at 18s. 6d. Ample secured. And Union Castle 6 per cent. Debenture about 94. Safe as houses. United Dairies 6 per cent. Preference at 15s. 6d.—that's another good one. Pays 7¼ per cent. on the money."

"Dividends?"

"May and November. Oh, there are plenty more, but you'll find them getting scarce as money becomes cheaper."

"Supposing it doesn't?"

"Bound to, in course of time. I am looking at these things as permanent investments. Not the sort of stock to buy to-day and sell to-morrow. And at a loss, probably."

"I wish the speculative shares would buck up," said another man. "We are getting tired of bread-and-margarine for the Sunday joint."

Our Stroller laughed, but one of the group turned on him rather indignantly and told him that matters in the House were worse than outsiders conceived.

"All these rises in gilt-edged stocks benefit not more than a tithe of our four thousand members, and two thousand authorised clerks."

"But rising prices, I thought, were the very conditions you wanted in order to

induce business," Our Stroller protested. "When markets are depressed, you always say that the public refuse to come and buy, preferring to wait until they have to pay more in a rising market."

"There's a lot in what the old devil says," commented a broker, to the huge delight of Our Stroller, at last mistaken for a member of the Stock Exchange. "But the fact remains that general business, outside the investment markets, is dam—damagingly dull."

"We want the Oil Market to revive."

"And the Rubber Market."

"And Kaffirs."

"Any more for a sail?" cried a jobber. "Look at that boy!"

A rosy-cheeked youngster, in the rig of the naval cadet, caught their attention.

"Not much prospect for him unless shipping looks up."

"Shipping will be all right by the time young Brass-buttons has passed his exams. And, after all, that's a life. The Stock Exchange is a vegetation. Good luck, Nelson Minor," he waved to the lad.

Our Stroller followed them into the House, and nearly crashed as he slipped on the floor, which a waiter had been spraying with some anti-influenza liquid.

Recovering himself with the speed of the War Loan, Our Stroller moved across to the Foreign Market.

"Chile 7½ per cents. are as good a bond as you can want," he overheard. "These South American States have given up quarrelling amongst themselves; they see it doesn't pay. Why not sell your Norway Sixes and buy the Chile bonds?"

"Not a bad tip. Half a minute; I've got to see a chap in the Oil Market."

Our Stroller followed him.

"Any views about these Russian Oil shares?" he heard the broker inquire. "Urals, North Caucasians, Spies?"

"They will be all right one of these days. People have had a severe fright over Russia—"

"France has, anyway."

"Rather. Don't you think, by the way, that French Fives and Fours are cheap?"

"I'm telling my people to average. They pay you about 6 per cent. on the money, and look at the scope for improvement!"

"France might go broke."

"Impossible. Out of the question. I don't mean to say that widows and orphans ought to buy French bonds; but the man prepared to take ordinary business risks can come to no harm. Russian Oil—"

"I'd only have them as a gamble. Now, Trinidad United may do you more good. Speculative, of course. A decent chance, though."

"Right you are. Thanks." The broker turned to a near-by jobber and asked the price of Imperial Tobacco. The jobber told him.

"Good market," he added. "There's a fine Industrial investment for you. And if the price of tobacco comes down, the Company will do better. Not worse, as some people seem to fear."

"The British Americans went up all right," remarked Our Stroller. "And I am told to buy Marconis for a lock-up."

"All right as soon as people start buying such things again. When—"

Our Stroller noticed that the waiter in the stand was bending over and looking at him very hard. He promptly took the hint—and his departure.

Friday, Jan. 20, 1922.

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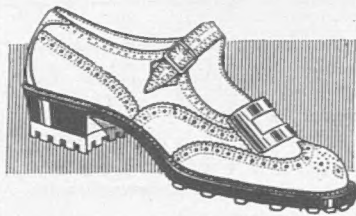
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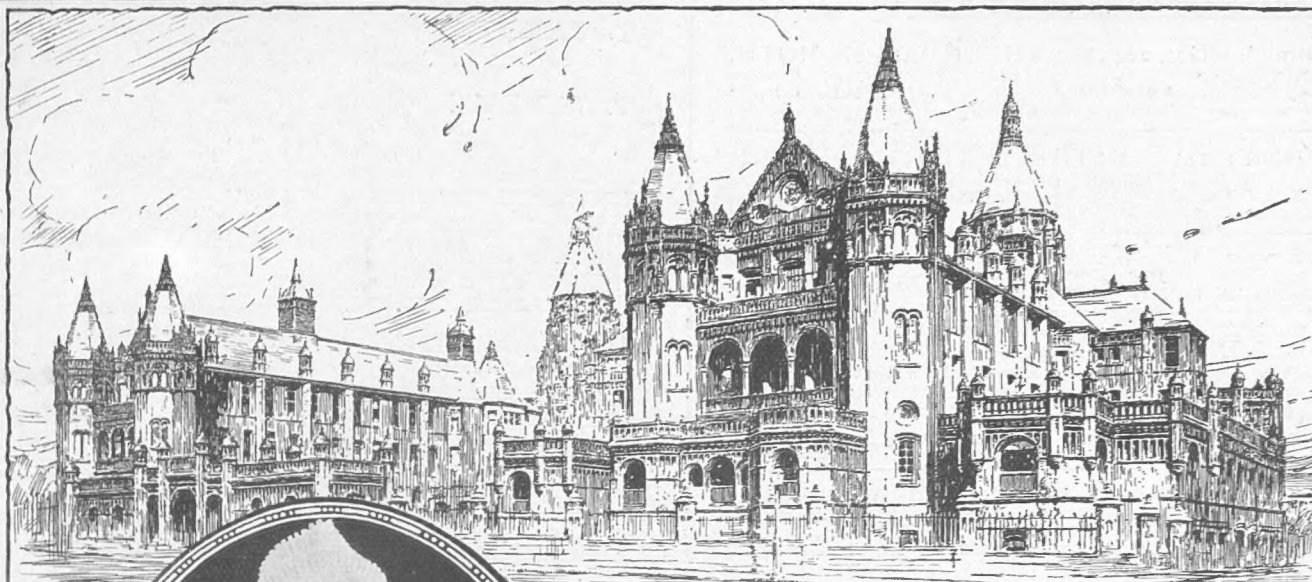
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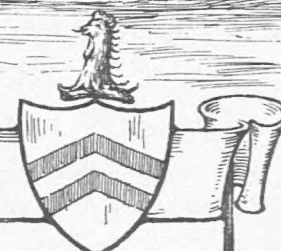
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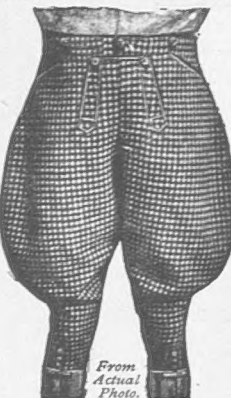
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